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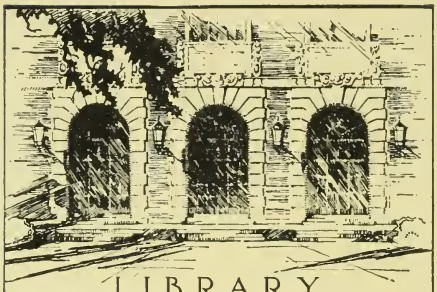

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MARSTON:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By a Lady.

"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me."

VOL. III.

LONDON:
THOMAS HOOKHAM, OLD BOND STREET.

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MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever green pine,
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish—the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow;
While ev'ry Highland glen
Sends our shout back again—
Roderick vich Alpine Dhu Ho Iero."

LADY OF THE LAKE.

TWENTY years have elapsed since the events recorded in our last chapters. In this space

of time, though but a moment in comparison with eternity, many changes have taken place in the organisation of the world. In the same manner that time changes the surface of the material earth, it likewise produces a gradual and imperceptible change in all earthly things —in the circumstances and the opinions of men, and in events as guided by those opinions. In that short space of time History has filled her pages with rich stores of events, of more than common interest and importance, whose effects will be felt and acknowledged by countless generations to come. In the records of the world, and its different states, handed down to us, each succeeding century suppresses a portion of the past history; and the events recorded passing through the crucible of time, nothing but its most prominent features are noticed. The history of the era in which we live is diffuse—numberless circum-

stances are related, numberless names of persons and statesmen find a page consecrated to them; whilst of the century which precedes the present, already much is abridged by the historians of the day. Each preceding century is more and more contracted, until, through these various condensations, none but transcendant geniuses and most important and remarkable events live in history. In the times of Alexander and Darius, no doubt there existed many great generals and statesmen of infinite merit; but their shadows have grown so pale with time, that only the stronger lights have survived. The century in which we have lived has furnished one of those brilliant lights, which will still shine in future ages, and continue a monument of what the strength and energy of man is capable of accomplishing, when he is also gifted with the power to *will* the execution of all he imagines.

That power, though given, perhaps, to all, is only felt by some; and it is only when it is felt that it becomes one, acting on others without their having a resisting will. Napoleon was endowed with that power, and with consciousness that he possessed it; and perhaps his rapid rise to greatness may be attributed to it. When he wished to carry any point which met with opposition, and could not be attained by force of arms, he always endeavoured to speak with his opponents; not that he was gifted with eloquence, for it was remarkable in how slight a degree he possessed that pleasing power,—it was a consciousness of supremacy of will, which he felt would impose the obligation of submission on the part of those with whom he should communicate. That man had risen from nothing, to the highest point of military grandeur!—from nothing, to be the greatest ruler and legislator!—from

nothing, to the supremacy over almost all Europe!—from nothing, to an alliance with one of its most powerful sovereigns!—from nothing, to the pinnacle of greatness! He had restored tranquillity and order, where anarchy had previously existed in all its horrors;—he had raised a fallen kingdom, fallen by crime, to an empire of glory and splendour;—he had diffused that glory and splendour over all the branches of his family, and made them sovereigns of conquered dominions;—he had reached the zenith of his fame, and revelled in glory till he knew no limits to his ambition! Then it was that the frailty of man asserted its rights, and drew him down to the earth.

Europe, for awhile dazzled and enthralled, indignantly renounced the subjection in which it had been held—masses of warriors united to overthrow the giant who had so severely humbled their pride.

The constant opposition of England, which was never either subdued or disposed to submission, held out example and encouragement to other states. Even the elements, which no will of earthly man can subjugate, seemed to make common cause with the oppressed nations, and combined against him, when he sought to make those he commanded disregard them; and this great meteor sank under the overwhelming force arrayed against it. Then Europe breathed again. War, with its destructive flames, no longer ravaged its countries. No longer mothers and wives mourned their sons and husbands, ruthlessly torn from them, to fight for a ruler whom they feared but did not respect. Peace and quiet smiled on the face of the earth, and their benignant influence spread gladness and prosperity around. Joy filled the hearts of all; and the rulers of the enfranchised nations assembled at a central

point, to celebrate peace with rejoicings, and to settle on as firm a basis as human wisdom would enable them to do a lasting order of things—restoring to despoiled nations their rights, confirming the interests of others by united sanction, and adapting their treaties so as to ensure universal happiness.

Vienna was selected for this reunion; and thither almost all the sovereigns of Europe, all their great generals, and great statesmen and ministers repaired. Thither also flocked numbers of foreigners of every country. So many years had been passed in war, that the continent had been shut to travellers, until the knowledge of its different countries had become as it were an unknown tongue to the rising generation; and the opportunity which the Congress of Vienna offered of viewing all Europe assembled at one point, was eagerly

seized by the idle, the inquisitive, and the simple traveller.

"I shall be half way on my road to Vienna by that time," said Howard, in reply to a proposal from Norris to go grouse-shooting on the moors in Scotland.

"Vienna! Why, what business can you have there?" said Norris.

"It is exactly because I have no business that I am going to join the crowd of idlers hurrying there," replied his friend. "It will be an opportunity never likely to be again presented, of seeing assembled in one spot all the potentates and other remarkable men of Europe."

Howard had letters addressed to the Count de W——, an Austrian-Polish nobleman, residing at Vienna, remarkable for his politeness and attention to foreigners; and, with

this recommendation, he started for the continent.

Somebody has said, that man is at his highest degree of perfection at the age of forty, and a very celebrated coquette averred, that she never had regarded the attention of any admirer who had not attained that age. It is true, that man is then in possession of all his mental faculties, attuned to their highest pitch: it is then that the vigour of his character is entirely developed and confirmed; he has seen and lived until he has acquired experience and worldly knowledge, and the outward man is developed in all its beauty.

We have already stated that Howard was very handsome; and if not more so now, his manners were certainly more pleasing than ever. The years which he had passed had a little modified the gay buoyancy of youth, but without diminishing its fire; and his presence

served to confirm and increase the recommendation of which he was the bearer.

Owing to the lapse of time during which the continent had been shut to the English, the nation was scarcely known, but by the false representations of foreign inimical gazettes; and a degree of hatred was generally felt by the lower classes on the continent towards the English, which perhaps even extended to higher circles; who both by education and position, ought to have been possessed of more liberal sentiments. It was particularly in France, and the countries under French dominion, that this unkind disposition and feeling were manifested; and it is a question which time alone can solve, whether it will not one day be a subject of regret, that a change in such apparently unamiable opinions should have taken place. The more a nation is intact and insulated, and the less it fraternizes (to use a

republican expression) with other countries, the less it is under the danger or influence of corruption from example. The more the pride of its own integral worth is felt, the more truly and virtuously national it feels. Those states, and there are some we could indicate, which have been under different dominions, and which were blended with their masters for the time being, now present little nationality of character, little independence of feeling, little of those qualities which command confidence, or on which firm reliance can be placed.

But to resume. As Howard descended from the packet-boat at Ostend, a crowd of anxious idlers were on the strand; and as he was giving directions concerning his trunks, he heard some voices in the crowd apostrophising him with the term "cochon d'Anglais." And yet but a few hours had divided him from his native land, where the name of Englishman was

a proud title, felt by all who bore it. That a few feet of water should cause such a difference in the estimation of it! Yet a few feet of water or land make a total difference in the appearance, language, habits, and *tout ensemble* of the inhabitants of a country. It is almost inexplicable how nations preserve their originality of language, when the limits that divide them are so rapidly passed; and that constant communication exists between the borders of either limit. All, however, is different; and the only thing which changes by constant intercourse, is the moral and political character of a country. The rest remains "one and entire."

It is owing perhaps to the geographical position of England, that there exists a more striking difference between that country and others. It is not merely the habits of comfort which are so differently understood, but the human intel-

lect appears to comprehend every thing in another point of view. The dissimilarity existing between England and Germany is particularly striking; and an Englishman entering the latter country for the first time, is amused or annoyed by the novelties he witnesses. He has some difficulty in persuading himself to repose in a bed, where his only covering is a large feather-bed, too short to cover his feet. He is hardly disposed, at every post-town, to declare his name and profession, and give an account of himself to those, who, according to his ideas of liberty, have no right to enquire into his affairs, or busy themselves with the motives which induce him to travel. He is constrained to call some portion of philosophy to his aid, not to enter into useless quarrels with the phlegmatic postillions who conduct him, dragging him on at a slow and measured pace, of four miles an hour; out of which un-

inspired movement, neither gold, nor snuff, fair words, nor a horsewhip, will persuade them to advance. But then, there are other things which compensate for these annoyances. His eye is refreshed and gratified by the beautiful and variegated scenery which presents itself to his view, as he proceeds. The vine-covered Rhenish hills, bordering that large and rapid river, have an aspect of richness and magnificence, dazzling to the eye, accustomed to the less obtrusive beauties of pastoral England. Stupendous rocks, which occasionally rise almost perpendicularly to a great height, having sufficient soil upon them to admit of their being also cultivated with the vine, vary the effects of these masses of light green vegetation; while the dark pine forests bordering the horizon, contrast beautifully with the more smiling scenery.

Then again, if the measured pace of the

horses and their guides be irksome to one accustomed to roll with the rapidity of lightning on his own country's smooth and level roads, his ear is gratified with the melody of the post-horns, played with great correctness and taste by those same postillions; while echo "repeats the tale" in softer notes through the distant forests.

It was especially at Hohenlinden that Howard was struck with the romantic and novel scenery we have attempted to describe; and when he paused at a little log-built cottage in the centre of the Black Forest, the only inn this part of the country affords for travellers, those beautiful lines of Campbell's on the battle of Hohenlinden recurred to his memory, and acquired fresh beauty in his mind, from the truth of their descriptions, and the romantic grandeur of the scenery before his eyes (*a*).

Quitting again the dark, mysterious shades of the Black Forest, and regaining the smiling banks of the Rhine, Howard stopped awhile, to view some ruins seated opposite to each other, on two elevated rocks, which towered over the rapidly-flowing river in one of its broadest parts. They were the remains of two ancient baronial castles, which once frowned in feudal pride from the summits of these rocks; while on an island of no very small dimensions, a hundred feet below them, covered with the richest verdure, stood the mouldering walls of a convent. The history of these three ruins is handed down by the peasantry from father to son; and the postillion conducting Howard threw his post-horn over his shoulder, laid the reins of his horses on their necks, and turning half round on his seat, so as to have a full view of the countenance of his auditor, related the tale, which

divested of his patois, and some traditionary absurdities, was to the following purport :—

" In former times, when petty barons were little sovereigns, acknowledging no greater chiefs than themselves, and distributing justice according to their pleasure, living on the produce of rapine and war, and considering their neighbours' estates as lawful prizes if obtained by force of arms, there lived in those castles two powerful barons.

" One of these barons had a daughter, famed far and wide for her beauty, grace, and accomplishments ; the other was of younger age, and unmarried. They were friends, and lived in habits of the closest intimacy. The Baron Friederick used to cross the rapid stream of the Rhine at all seasons, and in all perils, to visit his neighbour and his lovely daughter, to whom he had become ardently attached. He was valiant and enterprising, rich and power-

ful, and he was accepted by the father and daughter as an honourable and fitting suitor for the heiress of an ancient house.

" It was the period when all the chivalric enthusiasts of Europe had coalesced, and armed themselves, to reconquer the Holy Land. The Baron Friederick could not resist the temptations held out both by religion and fame to joining the crusading hosts. He bade farewell for a time to his destined bride, and, at the head of his vassals, proceeded to join the crusaders. Three years had elapsed since his departure: the lovely heiress of the house of Hapsburgh had spent that time in orisons for his safety, and in embroidering a costly scarf, wherewith to decorate her gallant hero and lover, on his return.

" It was on a winter's eve of the third year that the castle was suddenly besieged by one of the marauding bands belonging to a neigh-

bouring chief. The sentry gave the alarm ere they had ascended the high rock on which the edifice was built, and in a moment all was hurry and confusion in the castle. All the menials and retainers straightway repaired to the different posts of defence, and the women withdrew to the inner courts, where they trusted to be out of the reach of javelins and arrows, and other missile weapons. The attack was continued with fury; every means were attempted to scale the walls and force the gates. The Baron Hapsburgh, armed cap-a-pie, headed his men, and encouraged them by his presence in their bold defence. The besiegers had commenced at sun-set, and, favoured by the gloom, they continued their efforts for many hours with vigour, to get possession of the castle.

"At length a narrow pass, used by the menials to descend to the village at the foot of the

rock on which the castle stood, was forced, and a portion of the marauders effected an entrance into the castle.

"Thither the besieged immediately rushed, to arrest their progress; and instantly the long vaulted stone passages which formed the lower part of the building became the scene of a fierce and deadly struggle. Such close contact with the enemy produced immense carnage, and hundreds lay bleeding in the passages, in every direction. The Baron's arm was terrible! Wherever he closed in combat, he laid his adversary lifeless.

"The men were obliged to carry torches with them, to light them to their defence; and the flames they emitted of a swarthy, murky light, combined with black smoke, served to make 'darkness visible,' adding lugubrious terror to the scene.

"Advancing rapidly along one of the vaulted

passages, the Baron perceived a warrior clad in armour bearing fiercely on, the sweep of whose terrific sword thinned the rank of his vassals at every blow. His aspect, superior to those he had already encountered, led him instantly to suppose, that he was the leader of the besiegers, and he turned furiously to meet him. A long and animated combat ensued; each was powerful of arm, each desperate, and the fate of either was long uncertain. At length the stranger warrior's sword forced a passage through the Baron's corslet, and he fell. Quickly the triumphant adversary turned to the combatants, and again scattered deadly blows around.

"By degrees the number of the besiegers diminished. The besieged gained ground, and repulsed the enemy with such fury, that they fled, and abandoned the castle. The stranger warrior then returned to his vanquished oppo-

nent, who lay bleeding and fainting on the ground, and whom by his dress he deemed to be of higher degree than the rest. Unfastening his vizor, at the same time that he raised his own, their eyes met, and he recognised the Baron Hapsburgh, as he declared himself the Baron Friederick!

"The gallant crusader had just returned from Palestine, and had hastened to cross the Rhine to lay his laurels at the feet of his betrothed, when he found that the castle was besieged. He rushed instantly to the rescue of the lord of the castle, and entering by the same narrow pass which had been discovered by the besiegers, was naturally supposed by the Baron Hapsburgh to belong to them. The uncertain flames of the torches and the confusion of the scene had prevented these two valiant chiefs from recognising each other by their armour, and their vizors were lowered.

"The fatal consequences have been recounted. In vain the beautiful daughter of the dying Baron tore her hair, and sought to bind up his gory wounds—in vain she wrung her hands, and wept, and kneeled by her father, and raised his head, and employed all the leech-craft known in those days. The Baron Friederick's blows had been too true—and the chief of the house of Hapsburgh quickly breathed his last.

"It was impossible for his daughter to become the bride of him by whose hand her father had fallen, however ignorantly the fatal deed had been done, and she resolved to take the veil. She caused a convent to be built on the island over which the castles of her father and lover towered, and there she took her vows. The Baron Friederick, in despair, returned again to Palestine, and fell there, a victim to his own rash exposure of a life become

too heavy for him. The two castles and the convent in the progress of time sunk into ruins, in which state they still attract the curiosity of the traveller."

"Departed grandeur! could these stones assume
Historic power to tell thy pristine fame,
The torch of truth should thy dark reign illume,
And bright description kindle from the flame.

"Then each mute witness, hasting to decay,
Might tell what scenes were whilom here display'd,
What ancient dames here sung the heroic lay,
Moved in the dance or nightly masquerade;—

"What titled warriors graced the splendid ball
In all the pride of chivalry and show;
What trophies hung within the sounding hall,
The blood-stained spoil of some illustrious foe;—

"What rich possessors fed the neighbouring poor;
What tournaments they fought, and how they fell;—
These, with numerous tales of deeds of yore,
The moss-grown relics of the pile might tell.

"But, sadly silent, they keep mouldering on,
Shaken full oft by ruin's iron hand;
And when some fleeting seasons more are gone,
No wreck of pride or grandeur here shall stand.

"Thus, worn with age, must thou, O man! become
A walking ruin on life's shelving shore,
At last to perish in the oblivious tomb;
But, summoned thence, thou shalt decay no more."

CHAPTER II.

" Pause here, and think—a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
Consult life's silent clock—thy bounding vein;—
Seems it to say, 'Health here has long to reign?'
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight—a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear—Youth oft'times, healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, aloud
Exclaims, 'Prepare thee for an early shroud.' "

" The pleasing melancholy inspired by contemplating the mouldering towers, and ivy-mantled walls of ancient buildings, is uni-

versally felt and acknowledged by observers of every sort and disposition; but these scenes are invested with a double solemnity when the remains are of a religious kind, such as churches and monasteries. On viewing a decayed palace, or ruined castle, we are led to recollect that it was the seat of some haughty magnate, or warlike baron, and recur to the history of the gallant actions which have been achieved on that spot; or are led to reflect on the uncertainty of all human grandeur, both perhaps from the fate of its lordly owner, and its own tottering state: but these are subjects which are calculated to affect the generality of beholders but very slightly.

"Those in the middling walk of life being, happily for them, for the most part exempt from the violent convulsions and sudden reverses to which men of more elevated rank are subject, and which is a sufficient retri-

bution for all their envied superiority, are little inclined to such impressions.

"Religious ruins, however, not only strike pious persons with that reverential awe, which the thoughts of their original destination must enforce; but as places of sepulture, excite ideas equally applicable to all ranks, from the monarch to the beggar; and to all sects, whether believers or sceptics; it being impossible to walk over a spot of ground, every yard of which covers the remains of a human being, once like ourselves, without the intrusion of the awful memento, that we must soon, very soon, occupy a like narrow tenement of clay: a consideration which will for a moment sadden the most cheerful disposition; and abstract from trifling pursuits, at least for a while, those of the most dissipated turn. All are for the moment forced to bestow some thoughts on that inevitable hour when they are to depart hence.

"In addition to these considerations, there is something in the style of the building more particularly disposing to gloom, than that either of castles or mansions; occasioned by the peculiarity of the Gothic windows, the number of the arches and recesses, and the long perspective of aisles."

We have borrowed the above description, which details so perfectly, and so much better than we could have succeeded in doing, all that Howard experienced on viewing the monastery of Moltke, after ten days' travelling in varied and beautiful scenery, visiting different sites and points of interest on the road which he pursued to arrive at Vienna.

He had paused with curiosity and pleasure at Heidelburg, and visited its ancient and romantic castle, of celebrity in times of yore; now, but a grand and magnificent ruin. He had seen the vintners of that luxuriant country

keeping their yearly festival of rejoicing, for the ample harvest gathered from the abundantly fruitful vine; and had witnessed the dancers, animated by the circumstances, waltzing on the enormous "ton," in which the rich liquor, the produce of the year, is poured.

At Heilbrun, another style of scene gratified him, as he entered the town at nightfall, and saw the enormous watch-tower which protects it, overhanging the broad river, and producing a singular and almost magical effect from the beacon of the watchman on its top. The man seems to walk in air; and is perched at such an enormous height above the earth, that it puzzles those who perceive him and are strangers to the place, to imagine on what he can be situated, and how he could have got there, surrounded as he is with haze, while all is darkness and apparently empty space beneath him.

On quitting this rich and varied scenery, as

Howard advanced in his journey, the country assumed another aspect. The nearer he drew to the Austrian dominions, the further he seemed to remove from cultivation and beauty. The roads, cut in sandy soil, looked dreary and uninviting: an air of austerity was spread on the whole appearance of the country; and as he drew near to the town of Moltke, situated on a high rock, this austerity assumed a monastic repulsiveness.

The monastery stands on the highest point of the rock. A narrow and steep road between walls leads to it; and as Howard ascended it slowly, and viewed the grandeur and solemnity of the building, which commanded the whole surrounding country, and passed the extensive *cimetière* within view of the road, he experienced the different feelings pourtrayed in the commencement of this Chapter.

Moltke is a strong place of defence in time

of need, forming one of the barriers to the frontiers of Vienna, and removed from it but two days' journey; and before Howard could be allowed to pass the gates, he was obliged to undergo a strict examination.

"Ihr nahme und kawakter? Wo komme sie her? Wo reiser sie hin? Veilleicht ein general, oder veilleicht ein kaûfman?"

"Neither, neither," said Howard impatiently.

"Was sall ich ihnen sagen?" said the impassable, phlegmatic, and respectful sentinel.

"Schiffs capitan," *(b)* at last said Howard, to put an end to the colloquy; and the gates were unbarred, and he entered the town.

He took up his quarters for the night at the inn, a short distance from the monastery; resolved the following morning to visit the interior of that ancient and venerable pile.

Austria exercises in her government a jea-

lousy and suspicion of all strangers, which require numberless forms to be gone through by every traveller arriving within the limits of her power; and Howard was informed by the aubergiste, in reply to a wish he expressed of being conducted to the monastery, that he would be required to exhibit his passports and papers, and have a permission signed by several authorities, ere he would be allowed such a favour.

Unwilling to quit Moltke without having gratified his curiosity, he submitted to all the shackles which they imposed upon him; and went, accompanied by the landlord, to the military commandant, who after many formalities gave him the permission which he required, drawn out in writing, at considerable length, and with his name and quality described with much minutenes.

Fraught with this important document, How-

ard presented himself at the monastery. His papers were examined by the porter at the gate, an aged friar; and he was desired to wait until they could be submitted to the inspection of the holy abbot.

Two hours elapsed ere he obtained admission, and Howard could not but remark, that there was something extraordinary in the curious and close observation and scrutiny, that he underwent by several friars; who relieved each other in attending on him, as he visited the different parts of the building.

The cold, cheerless, indifferent appearance of the monks, as they glided through the long corridors, with their heads bent, and their eyes fixed on the stone floors they were crossing, caused Howard to feel astonishment, that so many reasonable beings should willingly immure themselves, and strip life of all its beauties, of all its compensations for those suffer-

ings inherent to all; and bearable only by the contrasts and accidents, which an active life, and intercourse with the world at large, give birth to.

One of the monks, an aged man, with long white beard, sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks, attended him in company with the different monks who relieved each other, and never quitted him. But he spoke not; and the severity of his aspect withheld Howard from accosting him. He entered the abbot's apartment with him, and remained with his arms crossed and his eyes bent on the ground, near the door, the whole time of Howard's stay with that venerable man; who was of milder aspect than the other recluses, and received Howard with courtesy, inviting him to sit by him, and conversing with more knowledge of the public events of the day, than his visiter expected. He questioned him as to the motives of his

journey, enquired how long he should stay, and whither he would go after quitting Vienna. On Howard's answering, that he had little more than idle curiosity to plead as a motive for his journey, adding,—"The peace of the continent puts us naval men out of employment;" the old man near the door gave some signs of impatience, and raised his eyes to Howard's face, but dropped them almost immediately; and when the abbot invited Howard to pay him another visit on his return from Vienna, the old man suddenly withdrew from the apartment, and remained without the door with downcast looks, expressive of much suffering. He, however, conducted Howard to the stupendous gates of the monastery, when he took leave of the abbot; and as the former crossed the threshold, he observed, to his extreme astonishment, that the monk, with his extended arms raised on high, was uttering a malediction

on him, with the greatest expression of cold hatred depicted on his countenance. He was so confused and surprised, that for some minutes he remained in the position in which he had turned to salute the monk, when he caught the expression of his eye and attitude; and then was nearly re-entering the gates, to ask him how an entire stranger could have inspired him with such uncharitable feelings; but a second thought withheld him.—The monk was aged, infirm, and appeared to be in his second childhood: and with little care or anxiety as to the effects of the malediction, which he had so innocently drawn on himself, Howard entered his carriage, and proceeded to Vienna.

It was night when he arrived there; and the first object that attracted his attention, was a large house, a short distance without the gates, which was brilliantly illuminated. Room after room was filled with persons, whom How-

ard could perceive moving to and fro. Hundreds of carriages were drawn up before the gates of the mansion; and the appearance of the whole was so gay, that it animated Howard, and dispelled the serious train of thought, which his visit to Moltke had produced.

At the gates of the town he was informed that the château he had passed belonged to "Der Furst von Metternich," who that evening gave a fête to the sovereigns assembled at Vienna. There was something so exhilarating in the whole scene, that it was not till Howard's carriage had wound through the narrow, dark streets of the city, that the dazzling effects of what he had seen passed away; and were succeeded by a gloomy feeling of melancholy, as he drove up to an hotel in the Graben.

Notwithstanding the pleasure experienced in travelling, and observing new countries,

new people, new scenes, and costumes, habits, and manners; there are still moments, which most lonely travellers must have experienced to be so dismal and comfortless, that they scarcely can be compensated by all these novelties. Shenstone's often quoted observation is certainly contradicted by experience; since the most frequent source of this sense of loneliness, is without doubt the heartless welcome of the innkeeper, and the positive absence of all interest which an entire stranger inspires, who is about to pass on directly*(c)*. There can be no real expression of gladness or kindness on his arrival; and he is at once struck with a heedlessness about him, which is very cheerless. The hours that pass ere he retires to rest, may not be inaptly termed the true secret of solitary confinement; and when he departs the following morning, the only regret felt at his departure is that inspired by sordid inte-

rest; anxiety for his future welfare is of course out of the question.

Man is such a creature of habit, that wherever he has sojourned a few fleeting months only, he then leaves behind silent objects of attachment. The very walls of a room thus inhabited, its furniture, its ornaments, have all acquired a something of acquaintance and intimacy with our thoughts, and form, as it were, part and parcel of ourselves; whereas, a new room, which one enters for five or six hours, and quits never to re-enter, is so indifferent, that the mere circumstance of being in it, gives rise to feelings of discomfort.

If Howard had reasoned on what he felt on entering the hotel, he might have been disposed to say, "I am a fool for having taken the trouble of coming so far, without any precise object for so doing."

CHAPTER III.

" When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.
Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancers' bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall."

CADYOW CASTLE.

" Les hommes ont tous une même origine, et cette origine est petite. Leurs années se poussent successivement comme les flots. Ils ne cessent de s'écouler, tant qu'en fin après avoir fait un peu plus de bruit, et traversé un peu plus de pays, les uns que les autres, ils vont tous ensemble se confondre dans un abîme, ou l'on ne réconnait plus, ni princes, ni rois, ni

toutes les autres qualités superbes, qui les distinguent; de même que les fleuves tant vantés demeurent sans nom, et sans gloire, mêlés dans l'ocean, avec les rivières les plus inconnues."

BOSSUET SUR MADAME HENRIETTE D'ANGLETERRE.

"You must be presented at court," said the Count W—— to Howard, to whom he had delivered his letter of introduction, and who, with his accustomed urbanity and politeness to foreigners, had already made Howard acquainted with most of the Austrian society. "I will undertake the necessary preliminaries, and to procure you an invitation to the ball which the Empress gives to-morrow evening. You will there find assembled all the persons you are desirous of seeing."

The following evening Count W—— called for Howard, and they proceeded to the Hoff (palace) together. Howard was much struck with its splendour, as he entered the apart-

ments, which were brilliantly illuminated with thousands of wax-lights, placed in silver lustres, candelabras, and branches. The suite of rooms, which on this occasion were thrown open throughout the whole of their vast extent, was equally resplendent and magnificent.

Orange-trees and other odoriferous greenhouse plants shed their perfume around; and various bands were stationed in the different apartments, playing the most beautiful waltzes. Every room was filled with the most elegant society of Vienna, selected to meet the different sovereigns there assembled. "Le sang est beau," at Vienna; the women are delicately formed, and almost all pretty—the men handsome—and a dressed ball in that city is consequently a very pleasing spectacle. The women dress with much taste, improving on the French fashions, which they for the most part adopt;

and the uniforms of the men are handsome, and highly advantageous to the person.

To judge of the national dance of the country—the waltz—it should be seen at one of these balls. There is displayed in it a grace, an ease, a movement, which cannot be attained but by those who have been almost born waltzing. The circle they describe as they advance is never exceeded by the succeeding or preceding waltzers. Although the number of dancers in the circle may be two hundred, only twenty waltz at once, following each other in order; and when they stop to take breath, twenty more begin, thus giving each couple time and space to move without confusion; and the manner in which the cavaliers draw up and stop with their partners is peculiarly graceful and pleasing. The music is played with such delicacy and fineness—the motion

of the dancers is so noiseless—that while Wield executes a passage of the waltz on the highest notes of his violin, the only sound that reaches the ear besides is the sliding of the silk shoe on the boards, and the click of the golden spurs of the cavaliers.

The sovereigns—some of them young and handsome—joined in the waltz; and they were respectively pointed out to him by Count W——. "But wait a little," said the Count, "and you will have a better opportunity of seeing them; for there will soon be a Polonaise, and then they will all pass as it were in review before you." The Polonaise soon struck up, and every one was instantly on the alert—the aged and the young, the great and the unimportant, the pretty and the ugly—sovereigns, statesmen, warriors, courtiers, natives, foreigners—all joined in the promenade, to the sound of soft and beautiful music.

Alas! in less than twenty years many of the brilliant lights which shone at that ball have been extinguished. Twenty years are but a short span in the life of man, and yet they suffice to remove from the world the young, the gay, the flourishing! Eighteen years ago, the Emperor Alexander was in all his youth, his beauty, and his greatness. At that ball and the succeeding fêtes he was one of their chiefest ornaments, and by his courtesy and amiability one of the most agreeable persons of the society. The Empress Elizabeth shared with justice the eulogiums bestowed on the Emperor: she was gentle, amiable, and interesting. In the short space of three years after the Congress, they both had passed away! The Empress of Austria, a princess of the house of Tuscany,—young, pleasing, delighting in seeing others happy, and by her grace giving charms to the fêtes which she devised

for her royal guests—she too has been levelled by the remorseless scythe of fate. The Kings of Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Saxony have laid their heads in the dust! The pride of chivalry, George the Fourth, is no more! The tyrant of Europe has paid the debt of nature; and the gallant Prince Eugene Beauharnois is likewise gone!

Nor is this all the dirge of that fatal period. Relentless fate, whilst sweeping from the surface of the globe millions of little fame, whose memories can only be retained by the limited circle of their families, has claimed for her own men whose genius and power drew into their hands the destinies of whole nations. Castlereagh, that British statesman whose comprehensive mind embraced the position of all Europe, and studied to turn it to the advantage of his country, to which he was devoted, and in which he gloried! Schwartzenberg, the

pride of the Austrian army, and justly esteemed her hero! Wrede, whose Bavarian blood flowed for his country, whilst his courage and gallantry gave that impulse to the Bavarian army which made its bands resist and conquer, where difficulties and dangers almost rendered conquest impossible.

Nor be the fairer sex without their requiem! The beautiful Countess Julie Zichi, the Countess Jacerau—young and lovely women—have been effaced from the circles where they shone and fascinated! The graceful Lady——but let us enumerate no further; let us return to the past, and fancy that they still exist.

"The leader of the Polonaise," said the Count W—— to Howard, "that good-looking young man, with Tartar eyes, which he rolls about incessantly and with great vivacity, is the Count Tchernichoff. He is aid-de-camp

to the Emperor of Russia, and leads the promenade, as a true courtier should, to please his royal master. His partner is the Countess Jacerau, a *nouvelle mariée*. She is very pretty, and very *sage*, although having no objection to hearing how pretty she is. Nevertheless, the Count Tchernichoff will abandon her fair hand presently, and clapping his own, give the signal for every gentleman that follows him to change partners, and take possession of the hand of the lady immediately behind. Thus, if you cast your eyes a little further on, you will perceive that the King of Prussia will be obliged to relinquish the hand of the Countess Julie Zichi, with whom he is walking, in favour of the Emperor Alexander, who has placed himself directly before him. The Archduke Charles of Austria leads the Empress Elizabeth. Observe how gracefully she walks; what dignity and feminine gentleness are por-

trayed in her countenance, combined with much melancholy. The Archduke was unfortunate in his command at Wagram, where he was obliged to yield to the overpowering force of Napoleon's army; he is nevertheless a brave and much esteemed officer. The Archduke Jean follows, conducting the Grand Duchess of Weimar. He is a great protector of the arts, and has a magnificent collection of pictures. The Grand Duchess Marie is very lovely.

"That animated countenance which appears over the shoulder of the Hereditary Prince, who is conducting his grandmother, the Archduchess Beatrice, is the Prince Eugene Beauharnois: it is impossible not to discover in it the frank honesty of his character, added to chivalrous bravery; he is generally esteemed and loved. Yonder comes the Emperor: he leads the Grand Duchesse ———. If reports are true, her Imperial Highness has proved a

great diplomate, and out-heroded Herod, chez vous ;—it should appear that it is not merely your nation who esteem the Dutch dykes."

Howard smiled, but was more intent on observing the promenaders, than disposed to converse on politics, and he listened to the Count W——, who continued,—"That bushy-haired square-set Russian is the Count ——. His history is too curious and bloody to be told at this season. He is a most extraordinary savage : he speaks foreign languages with great difficulty ; and it is related of him, that upon one occasion, when Napoleon passed the Russian army in review, the Emperor Alexander, being very desirous that every thing should be conducted with the greatest correctness, and knowing the Count ——'s ignorance of French, and fearing that he might give some handle to ridicule, expressly forbade him to utter one

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word of French during the review. It so happened, that the regiment the Count —— commanded particularly attracted Napoleon's admiration, and he turned to inquire of Count —— the name of its colonel. His vanity was not proof against this compliment; and advancing with a satisfied countenance, he ventured to transgress the orders which he had received with one poor little monosyllable, and replied, 'Sire, Je'*(d)*.

"That is the Marechal Schwartzenberg who leads the beautiful Countess de P——. Her talents in diplomacy rival those of the greatest statesmen; not that she is exercising them at this moment, for the Marechal, our great hero, could better undertake a war of cannon than of wit;—he has a fine martial countenance. Your minister, and great statesman, before whom the Congress bends the knee, leads the Duchesse de Sayan, one of our great beau-

ties;—remark her smile, her features, and her figure, for she is exquisitely beautiful.

"I do not attempt to compliment your countrywomen,—it would be superfluous: if all the ladies of your nation are as handsome as the few to be seen here, your country must bear the palm for beauty.

"That venerable old soldier, who conducts the Empress of Austria, is the Prince de Ligne, whose reputation as a literary character must have reached England. Although so aged, his mind is as brilliant as when younger; and his sayings are quoted by everybody, as witty, pithy, true, and, what is more, unpremeditated *(e)*. That corpulent, stern-looking old man is the King of Wurtemburg; he conducts the Princess of Hesse, and is followed by the King of Bavaria and the Countess Molz Zichi, a lady 'of that purple school.' The Marechal Wrede succeeds them;—remark what a firm,

fixed countenance he has, as iron as his soul, which would rather break than bend. He leads the beautiful Princess of Lichtenstein. Your Castlereagh conducts the fair and pleasing Princess B——. Do you not think there is some resemblance between those two ministers?"

Howard was struck with the truth of this remark, and replied, adding a civil phrase for the several compliments which the Count W— had addressed to him.

"The two persons conversing near a window, and the only two not joining in the Polonaise, are great Machiavelists; but I must not place them on an equal rank. The Prince de Talleyrand surpasses the Cardinal Gonzalvi in the same proportion that in colours black bears to grey: no one can penetrate that man's thoughts, or fathom his conceptions; he is framed to command the rise and fall of em-

pires. Yonder white-headed old man is the King of Denmark,—his partner the Princess Touret Taxis. She is mother to that pretty black-eyed woman who follows, with the Prince Rosamouski, by name the Princess Paul Esterhazy.

" I need not point out the British hero to you, nor tell you how much his great military talents and glory are appreciated in this country. I believe the fair sex are desirous of proving to him, that (like the Roman ladies of old) they admire a hero beyond all praise. Observe, he is leading one of the prettiest of our young women, one very generally courted and very generally capricious; but she smiles on him, while her slaves who follow are forgotten. I will not fatigue you further with the recital of the names of all the other persons gliding on, yet you may observe three handsome men, of elevated stature, following one

another;—they are the reigning Duke and Princes of Saxe Cobourg. Further on, Count Hardenberg, the great Prussian diplomate, is followed by the Prince Leopold of Sicily;—but; see, you are invited to join the promenaders;"—and Howard, to his astonishment, perceived the fair hand of one of the prettiest dancers invitingly extended to him. He could not hesitate, and in a moment found himself walking by the side of a beautiful Austrian, dressed with all the taste and elegance of her country, and displaying all the coquetish arts which they know so well how to employ.

Many were the couples happily walking, thus united, while the tender tale was told (inaudible to those following in the Polonaise), and rendered more captivating from the excitation of beautiful music, and the fever of the hour.

CHAPTER IV.

"That strain again! it passed over mine ear like the sweet south over a bank of violets, taking and giving odours."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE fever which heated rooms and numbers of lights, and numbers of persons assembled, creates; which causes us to see, feel, and think otherwise than in moments of calm and repose; and which Howard had experienced the evening of the court ball, subsided with the morning light. The whole of the scene which he had witnessed appeared like a dream, and left no other impression on his mind.

The day was mild, one of those days in which winter seems to emulate summer. No wind perturbed the air,—there was stillness in every thing,—and Howard drove to the Prater, to take a solitary walk in that beautiful park, so sweet, so tranquil, so removed from the noise, the movement, and the odours of a populous and dirty city. The pheasantry, too, of considerable extent, kept up at a great expense by the Emperor, and filled with a profusion of ever-green trees, made him forget the season; and the quiet which surrounded him contrasted agreeably with the tumult of the scene of the preceding evening.

The pretty coquette who had occupied his attention a few hours previously, would scarcely have been flattered with the little effect all her efforts to fascinate had produced. Not that Howard was in a disposition to be insensible to the fascination of the fair sex; on the contrary,

he was just in that state of mind when a man falls souse in love (as my Uncle Toby expresses himself), but that Nature in her simplicity and beauty is a terrible rival to vanity, frippery, milliners, gauzes, false flowers, false smiles, and forced amusements; and yet your coquette and candle-light beauty, though aware of the fact, still spreads her nets, and toils diligently to captivate slaves; while her own heart, callous and empty, feels nothing for those she torments, hardly even the pleasure of conquest, or the odour of the incense momentarily offered her of admiration and compliment. It is true, she knows her reign of despotism returns with night, and if she struggles against sense and day-light a portion of the twenty-four hours, she knows a few hours are hers of partial conquest, and the certainty which she has acquired, by experience, of the victory must much diminish its pleasure.

"Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs!
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes;
Disguise e'en tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes,
Pique her, and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns thy hopes." CHILDE HAROLD.

It has been of old canvassed whether days of sorrow are not compensated by nights of happy dreams, and whether the semblance of any thing is not worth the reality—whether the appearance of attachment does not amount to the same thing as real attachment. So far must be allowed, that as long as the semblance is perfect, and imposes the conviction of reality, the fac-simile is worth the fact; but the day will come for truth to assert her rights, and then the disenchantment forms a dreadful weight in the scale.

It was late when Howard returned from his excursion in the Prater. The sun was setting through a gloomy, red, foggy atmosphere, announcing a change of weather, and betokening snow. As he proceeded up the Graben to his hotel, he had to pass the church of St. Etienne, a building of great antiquity, and remarkable architecture. He paused to examine the façade, whose projecting walls and columns stood out in the red light of the setting sun, throwing the rest into deeper shade. The effect produced was very remarkable, and added much to the beauty of the ancient edifice, casting a sort of mystery around it.

Howard was already disposed by his solitary ramble to indulge in serious reflections, and his mind wandered rapidly through a maze of thoughts, which he would have found it difficult to trace, had he sought so to do. He had in

the course of a few seconds overrun centuries, and was arrived at the early age when the sacred building had been constructed. Linked with this thought came the state of Europe at that period, and more immediately the state of the very town in which it had been built, and which must therefore have existed as a town, at that period. Then its present political and public condition occurred to him, and he was amusing himself by drawing a parallel between the two periods so widely asunder, when a strain of sacred music, swelling in the air, reached his ear. It was the hour of vespers: the sweet melody of female voices stole so gently and progressively on the ear, that it neither startled nor disturbed the train of thoughts in which he was indulging, but rather lured him to continue them, attracting him at the same time to enter the church, and listen

nearer, while his eye wandered over the vast interior, which was enveloped in darkness, save where the lights burned on the altar.

Soon the voices which had charmed him ceased, and the service continued, the muttering chant of the priests contrasting strangely with the clear, melodious female voices which had preceded it; and again, when they ceased, the choral strain was resumed. Howard sought to discover whence the voices came. There were no women singing in chorus within sight, and the sounds appeared to issue from behind a high curtain, drawn along the end of the church, before an elevated gallery facing the altar. The swell of the voices ceased, and one only then commenced a hymn. It was the most beautiful voice that ever charmed an ear,—so soft, so melodious, so rich, each tone had so indescribable and fascinating an expression, that Howard remained listening even

after the voice had ceased, and was recalled from his trance by the return of the chorus which had before delighted him, and which now sounded harsh and discordant. The service was ended, and still he lingered, in hopes again to hear that voice; but all was over. The assistants withdrew from the church by degrees, the shuffling sound of the beadles' feet pacing over the pavement was hushed, the gates were closing, and Howard withdrew, but no longer in that unagitated frame of mind in which he had pursued his walk in the Prater. The sound of that voice was with him—he could not forget it.

Imagination began to beguile his thoughts: so beautiful a voice must belong to as beautiful a form; and a feeling of curiosity made him desire to see the person whom he had heard. He was not engaged any where that evening; he was to dine alone; nothing occurred to

divert him from a train of ideas, so absorbing in their nature; and restless, without any defined cause, he again started to perambulate the Graben.

His footsteps unconsciously wandered to the church of St. Etienne, and again he paused before the façade. The moon had risen in all her splendour, shining clear and bright, from a disposition in the air to frost, and its beams streamed full upon the Gothic tracery of the edifice. Not a soul was passing in the street—all was calm; and Howard remained contemplating the church, while an indefinable yet pleasing sensation circulated in his frame; nor was he conscious how long he had so remained, till the cry of the watchman roused him, and he returned to his lodgings.

Still *that* voice dwelt on his ear; it remained with him, but was not an unwelcome guest,—on the contrary, he courted it, and when other

sounds came across him, he sought to recall that delightful one which had wrapped his senses in Elysium. His first waking recollection was *that* voice; and he hastened to the church, in the hopes of hearing it again, and discovering the singer, who, he already persuaded himself, must be as lovely as her voice. It would have been easy for Howard to acquire the information he sought from Count W——, but he did not apply to him. There are moments when a jealous fear prevents us from communicating our thoughts to even a friend. A sort of presentiment that others may cross our path withholds us. He feared attracting Count W—— to the voice which had fascinated him, and he preferred addressing himself to one of the guardians of the church.

"Ah! you say true, Mein Herr," said the old man of whom he inquired; "they are sweet birds that sing in this church; they are

the nuns of St. Etienne. The convent adjoins this church, and they have an entrance to it by the gallery which is screened by the curtain. The sister who sings alone, and has such a sweet voice, is a novice, who is shortly to take the veil; but I must quit you, Mein Herr, to toll the bell,—it is the hour of mass;" and the old man shuffled off, while Howard remained to assist at the mass, in hopes of again hearing *that* voice.

He did again hear it. His senses were wound up to madness; hardly could he wait the end of the service; he would see that novice, he would inquire—what he knew not; but he knocked at the convent gate, and asked to be admitted to the abbess. The proceeding was unusual; the portress stared at him, and inquired if he had any relation in the establishment. The cold, calm eye of the nun who officiated as portress recalled Howard a little

to his senses, and he felt the rashness of his conduct. Unable to frame any plausible pretence for his intrusion, he withdrew, but revolved in his mind how he might attain his wishes; and at last resolved to address himself to his friend, the Count de W——. He was fortunate in having so done, for it happened that the Count had a sister, who was placed in the convent for her education; it was therefore in his power to assist Howard, by taking him with him when he went to visit his sister, as he was on such occasions admitted to the parlour, where the abbess sometimes came herself to attend on the young Countess W——, when any accidental circumstance prevented the sister, whose duty it was, from this customary form.

There are moments, unforeseen, undreamed of, which occur in the life of man, and which arrive so impetuously, that he has no time to

consider, or reflect, but is hurried on, as though suddenly plunged into a rapid stream, which bearing him forward with uncontrollable violence, dashes him at length on some hidden rock. Ruin and desolation then surround him irretrievably—the rapid has passed on, and left him to his fate. So it was with Howard. Lured by a sound, his whole future destiny, and the fates of others, found themselves involved by the rapid stream, which carried him headlong with it. For a while the treacherous current bore them clear of rock or obstacle.

The Count W—— took an opportunity of presenting Howard to the abbess, who was a mild and amiable person, one who formerly had lived in the world, and had withdrawn from it under the pressure of sorrow. She was untainted by either bigotry or hypocrisy, and received Howard with urbanity. After much prosing respecting the convent, its insti-

tutions, its miracles, its saints, the church, and other topics of high interest to the abbess and little to Howard, and having wound round by degrees to the object of his visit, he ventured to inquire concerning the novice.

"She will shortly take the veil," replied the abbess; "but she will be little of an acquisition to our convent; she brings no dower with her, and will be a charge to our already poor establishment. She has been educated by the sisters since a very tender age, and has no parent to claim her, or we should not admit her to the sisterhood."

"And has she a decided vocation for the veil?" said Howard.

"Truly," replied the abbess; "she is a holy and devout young woman; but she has never seen the world, is entirely ignorant of it, and therefore knows no choice. Her whole circle of ideas and friends are within these walls.

She does not imagine that any interest can exist to rival the blessed one which we have adopted; and her life is so smooth, so free from all sorrow or anxiety, that it is, perhaps, a peculiar grace granted to her, to pass it to its term in such tranquillity."

Howard returned several times to the convent parlour. His assiduity at all the services of the church of St. Etienne had attracted the notice, and gained him the good will of the guardians, who gave him a chair in the spot which he most desired, near the green curtain. At last he became so great a friend of the abbess, that he was admitted to her withdrawing-room; and though it must be owned his thoughts in presenting himself to her were always on the unknown novice, still, he also enjoyed the society of the venerable abbess. Her apartments formed the centre of the building. On either side were wings at right an-

gles with it, the whole forming three sides of a square; and the windows opened on the garden and grounds, which were inclosed within high walls. The two wings contained the cells inhabited by the nuns. The abbess's apartments consisted of several handsome rooms, which were divided into those she inhabited herself, and those occupied by the *pensionnaires* educated in the convent. A door in the wall of the garden opened to a flight of stairs, which conducted to the gallery in the church already mentioned.

It happened, that on one of the days on which Howard was repeating his visit to the abbess, a garden door in her apartment was open. It was the hour at which the nuns and pensionnaires walked in the garden; and as he sat near the open door, conversing with the abbess, some of the sisters passed near it. Most of them were veiled, having already pro-

nounced their vows; but the pensionnaires and the novices were not; and Howard's eye rested on the most beautiful face and figure it was possible to conceive. He eagerly enquired of the abbess if that was the novice; and when answered in the affirmative, his ecstacy was extreme. Now then, his presentiment had not deceived him! It was that lovely creature he had heard with such delight.

Thought is so rapid in an eager mind, that in the course of a minute, countless ideas succeed one another. During the space of time employed by the abbess in a long and racking cough, Howard had built a whole castle of romance and happiness. Reflection, prudence, and wisdom, were entirely excluded from his edifice; but fancy constructed it with the rapidity of lightning, and ere the abbess's cough was ended, that beautiful novice was, in his imagination, the syren charming his dwelling,

the sharer of his fortune, the partner of his bosom: and he did not end his visit to the abbess before he had made her the confidante of his intentions, and had obtained from her a promise, that she would prepare Therese for the possibility of a change in her existence; and sound her as to whether such a change would make her happy.

CHAPTER V.

"At once the coursers from the barriers bound,
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before,
And up the champions thunder from the shore.
Thick where they drive the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies.
Soon on their shoulders the long manes reclined,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind;
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
Each on his flying coursers hung in air,
Erect, with ardour poised upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain."

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

"I HARDLY ever see you now," said How-

ard to Count W——; "where have you hid yourself?"

"My dear fellow," replied the count, "I have been much occupied of late. The carnival is a busy time with us votaries of pleasure; and to own a truth to you, I am madly in love, without my having seen the person who has captivated me."

"Strange!" thought Howard, "can the same thing have happened to him which has bewitched myself?"

"You must know," continued Count W——, that there is a little woman whom I have met at all the *Ridouten salle* balls, who is so fascinating, so charming, that she has quite captivated me; and yet I have never seen her face. I pass my days before the house she lives in; this I am almost certain I have discovered; but cannot yet succeed in seeing her go into it, or come out of it. I have several fellows in

pay to help to trace her; but she says that she will not discover herself till the end of the carnival. Last night she gave me this ring, and has promised to claim it; but I shall never live to the end of the carnival, if I don't discover her. You will come with me to the *Ridouten salle* to night, will you not, and help me to find out who she is?"

Howard was little in the mood for such amusement. His mind was full of Therese; she would not grace the Ridouten salle; and he was more disposed to contemplate St. Etienne by moonlight, and think of her whose voice was heard within that church, than listen to all the voices he should hear in the palace. He could not, however, refuse the request of Count W——, and promised to meet him at a given hour, adding, laughing;—

"If you, an Austrian, cannot discover her,

I doubt my being able to do so, who am a stranger in the land of Ham."

"It is just for that reason," replied the count, "that I reckon on your assistance; she will be less afraid of you, and consequently less guarded."

Of all the various meetings, public or private, in any part of Europe, there are none, perhaps, more extraordinary than the Redoutensalle balls in Vienna. There, the emperor and the market-man, the minister and the peasant, the empress and the stall-woman, the fine lady, the coquette, the young, the old, the gay, the serious, all meet in an enormous room in the imperial palace, illuminated with the greatest splendour. There is no restriction on any class; farther than that the golden cap of the female peasant is not admissible; but if she dresses herself with some other cap, and

pays her three florins, she enters. All the men of the higher orders of society go in morning dresses, and keep their hats on, not even removing them when accosting the women. The ladies of the same class wear uniformly black dominos and masks. The room is so immense, that several bands of music are placed at different distances without interfering with each other; and in this motley and crowded assembly, the deepest political, as well as amorous, intrigues, are carried on.

At one end of the salle may be seen a plain burgher and his stiff, starch companion, ruffled and trimmed out, walking, with the most imperturbable gravity, the old-fashioned minuet; while in another place, the swimming waltz goes round without interruption. Further on, a polonaise, in which the emperor and his family all join, parades through the salle. Chamberlains precede them with long and large-

headed canes, which they thump on the floor from time to time to clear a passage through the crowd, and announce that the imperial family are coming. And then a pause will take place, while servants with watering-pots sprinkle the floor, to cool the excessive heat of the crowded room.

Count W—— was accosted by his incognita as soon as he entered the salle; and he pulled Howard by the sleeve to let him know that it was she in the black domino and mask. She was so disguised both as to face and figure, that it was impossible to discover her form or her appearance; and when she addressed the count, she spoke in his ear, and in so low a tone, that her voice could not betray her. She had parted from another mask dressed precisely the same as herself upon coming up to the two friends, and in a few minutes Howard found himself accosted by her companion,

at least by some one looking exactly like her, who evidently sought to withdraw him from Count W——. The latter, more accustomed to the nature of the intrigues carried on at these balls than Howard could be, kept fast hold of his arm to retain him; on which the Count W——'s incognita turned to Howard, and placed her hand upon his, saying at the same time to him :—

"Beware—or repent! leave your friend—or renounce Therese!"

Howard started with the utmost astonishment; and he shuddered as he felt the extreme coldness of the hand which lay on his; it was like the icy touch of death; and the hand lay as heavily upon him.

The mask perceived the effect which she had produced; and gliding through the crowd, holding Count W—— by the arm, he was soon out of sight of his astonished friend.

Howard remained for some minutes lost in thought. Who could that person be, who knew the inmost secrets of his heart? for to no one, save the abbess, had he breathed his love for Therese. And then a shudder came over him, at the recollection of the unearthly coldness of the hand which had touched him. He resolved now in earnest to discover her, since he was as much interested in so doing as Count W—— could be.

He was roused from this reverie by the pretty coquette who had pleased him so much at the court ball; and who, drawing her arm through his, sauntered through the crowd, and succeeded after much effort in obtaining at least attention, if her endeavours to fascinate went no further. She was too wily not to perceive how coldly he received her advances, and redoubled her efforts to captivate. Had she known the real state of Howard's heart,

she would probably, like a prudent general, have withdrawn her forces, instead of hazarding a defeat. He continued to pace the room in languid attention to her prattle, till weariness of the scene before him overpowered him; and disengaging himself from her, he ascended the gallery surrounding the salle, in hopes of discovering Count W—— and his mysterious friend.

Mystery was the order of the day; numbers of black dominos, with pretty waxen masks, and having diamond rings fastened in the mouth of the mask, to announce that they were not to be spoken with, glided about silently and alone, though not without some motive beyond mere idling. No where could Howard discover the count; and he abruptly quitted a scene so little in harmony with his feelings at the moment.

The sun rose brilliantly the following morn-

ing; a hard frost had succeeded to a heavy fall of snow; and the streets of Vienna glistered in its rays. The atmosphere is then so clear and invigorating, as to raise the spirits of the languid and apathetic to the tone of the animated and vigorous. A party of *traineaux* was ordered by the empress; and innumerable sledges, richly decorated, advanced to the gates of the palace to receive their guides. The horses were covered with the finest furs; gay ribbons decorating their manes, and silver bells fastened to their harness, that their tingling might advertise the unwary passenger of the approach of the otherwise noiseless vehicle.

By degrees, the royal procession descended the steps of the palace, and two by two, entered the traineaux, each cavalier conducting a lady, supposed to be the one of his choice; and the open manner in which that choice was proclaimed, led to the belief, and probably justly

so, that high, chivalrous gallantry, was the limit to which a preference could be admitted. Courtesy, also, to their royal hosts, dictated many of the choices.

It was a gay and splendid sight to behold the varied and magnificent dresses of the cavaliers and ladies, as they advanced to the different traineaux. The brilliancy of the sun added beauty to the colours which glittered under its rays, resembling a bed of rich tulips. The Empress of Russia first ascended the Emperor of Austria's traineau. She wore a large folding pelisse of the purest emerald-green velvet, lined and bordered with ermine; and on her head a toque of the same colour, ornamented with gold chains and tassels. The Empress of Austria followed; the colour of her pelisse was a rich amaranthe, likewise lined with ermine, that fur being only worn by royalty in Austria. The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg had selected

garter blue for the colour of her pelisse; and in short, pink, red, purple, with every shade of colour, might be seen in the gay throng. Where ermine might not be worn, the finest furs protected the wearers against the severity of the cold, which becomes much increased by the rapidity of the motion of the traineaux. The greatest pains had been taken to render these dresses as becoming as possible. The men also wore fur on their dresses, which were costly and displayed much taste; and when all were marshalled (which took a considerable time, the number of traineaux being so immense as to form a double line all round the great square in the centre of the Hoff), a signal was given, and all drove off with the rapidity of lightning, or to use the French expression, "ventre à terre."

They were to proceed to the Prater, thence take a long circuit, and return by torch-light

to the palace, runners being stationed, at given distances, with torches, to await their arrival when night should come on, and precede them. These runners are regularly brought up to the employment, and some of them acquire such speed as to be enabled to precede a carriage for several miles. They wear tight dresses, gaily ornamented, and hats with plumes; and bear in their hands a long cane, richly ornamented with silver *(f)*.

Oh! if an invocation to the goddess of eloquence could inspire the pen of the narrator of this history, how interesting might the relation of the Congress of Vienna of the year 1815 be made! But the writer is not so protected by genius, nor thus happily inspired. The events recorded have been selected solely from their connection with the history of the persons whose fates and fortunes are here narrated. Even this portion has not the merit

of invention, or fiction: the sad parts of the history are unhappily true, although given under fictitious names; and the inexperienced pen of their narrator strips them, perhaps, of that interest which would otherwise have been obtained from those who condescend to read so feeble a production as the work entitled Marston!

That Congress—one of apparent pleasure and rejoicing—teemed with political events of the very highest consequence to all Europe. At that Congress, the interests of all the countries represented by their respective sovereigns and statesmen, were battled for with strenuous ardour; and while gallantry and fêtes, music, and dancing, apparently occupied all the evening, the mornings were passed in deep consultations, intrigues, and high diplomacy.

Nor was the fair sex idle at that important period. Their persuasive powers, fine tact,

and insinuating address, were not disdained by the crafty; and while many flattered themselves that their bright eyes and beauteous charms alone attracted the attention of their royal suitors, perhaps more homage was paid to the effect they might produce on others, whom they were intended to act upon, than to that excited in themselves, steeled as they were against the danger of seduction by ambition, and cold, political calculation. It is true, that of an evening those same sovereigns and statesmen did throw off all care and selfishness, and did really enter into the amusements offered them, with the warmth arising from true pleasure; but of a morning they were rarely seen, the Emperor of Russia excepted, who took an early walk on the ramparts regularly with the Prince Eugene Beauharnois; and this traineaux party, it must be noticed, was one of the few exceptions to these habits.

The procession passed the Graben as Howard was hastening, with a beating heart, to the convent of St. Etienne. He was obliged to pause while it passed; and he thought how much more the calm, silent, shady garden of the recluses, graced with the lovely form of the innocent young novice, harmonized with his tastes, than the glaring luxury of the pageantry he was then witnessing. The silvery tingling of the bells died away, and the traineaux glided out of sight; and Howard, whose pulse beat high with expectation and love, entered the convent gates. When he arrived at the abbess's apartments he paused, and a trembling hesitation, ere he crossed the room, made him half resolve to turn back and retire; but his eye traversed the space between him and the abbess ere his footsteps did, and he saw what had the instantaneous effect of making him advance without further hesitation.

The abbess was seated in a large, easy chair, her gouty foot reposing on a velvet cushion, her cane by her side, resting on the arm of the chair. Before her stood Therese, listening to her with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes. Her dress, of black camlet with long loose sleeves, enhanced the fairness of a skin that "needed not the foreign aid of ornament, but was when unadorned adorned the most." She wore a white veil, which fell in folds over her graceful form; but her hair hung in rich profusion around her beautiful face and neck. It was not until she should take the veil that those tresses would be destroyed, and her forehead bound with a white band under a black veil. On her breast hung a silver cross, and suspended from her slender waist fell a rosary of ebony. She had been summoned to the abbess, to declare the result of her reflections since she had been spoken with two

days previously, respecting Howard's suit, and had just uttered some inaudible sounds, when the steps of a stranger advancing caused her to raise her large, dark eyes in the direction of the sound; they fell on Howard's animated countenance, his blue eyes almost appearing dark, and his forehead blushing under the auburn curls which covered his head. Their eyes met, and in one instant a communication of feeling was established between them.

Cold philosophers and stoics have ridiculed the possibility of love at first sight! They may not have felt it, and therefore may reason on its non-existence; but instances may be quoted from love's annals to refute their opinion, and this was one of those instances—fatally so!

Let us not attempt to paint their happiness. It was too great to be described in "set phrase." Therese—timid, fluttering, blushing,

but smiling with joy—raised her bashful eyes occasionally to Howard, as he poured forth his declarations of love and devotion, but dropped them again suddenly, unable to support the brilliant gaze of her lover. The hours seemed to pass as seconds to them both, and the abbess was obliged to remind them that they must separate.

"Nor think me severe," she added, "if I inform you, that you must not meet again until it be never to part more in this world. It will depend on you," she continued, addressing Howard, "to take the necessary measures to abridge the period of your separation."

It is a happy moment when two hearts, beating in unison, are assured of their mutual attachment, and have no fear that any obstacle shall prevent their being united. Pity it is that such happiness cannot last till their lives end; and yet, no, it is not a pity—to quit a

life of such beatitude would be too great a sorrow—the misfortunes of this world are needful, to reconcile man to quitting it, and renouncing the gift of life!

CHAPTER VI.

"*Hautboys. Enter the King and twelve others, masked, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torch bearers, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain.*

Wolsey. "A noble company! What are their pleasure?

Chamberlain. "Because they speak no English, thus they prayed—To tell your grace, that having heard by fame of this so noble and so fair assembly, this night to meet here, they could do no less, out of the great respect they bear to beauty, but leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat an hour of revels with them." KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"The king proclaimed a tournament, to cheer his daughter's mind." THE ELDRIGE KNIGHT.

THEY are passed—those days of brilliant chivalry! when heroes, prizing high the love

of courtly dames, fought for a smile, or ventured life for a scarf of their embroidery. Civilization, that destroyer of all high-wrought feeling and sentiment, that mortal enemy to imagination, enthusiasm, and romance, has levelled all passions to a calm state of heartless indifference. It has increased luxury; and polished man, until his smooth, courteous surface is all that remains of him. Few generous sentiments occupy his inward soul; he knows but one passion—self! The love of woman is no more necessary to his happiness: he considers her a toy for his pleasure; but neither her approbation nor her frowns have any power!

Women may lament the change; they have "fallen from their high estate," nor will they rise again until barbarism succeeding to civilization, the work of amelioration shall begin anew, and the period of chivalry reappear, in

the progressive march towards refinement and corruption.

But, though the days of chivalry and tournaments have long been passed away, records remain to show how they were conducted; and the assemblage at Vienna of the most elevated in rank, the most renowned in military glory, and the most remarkable for beauty, inspired the Empress of Austria with the desire of recalling the spirit of past ages, and a tournament was proclaimed. The libraries of the palace were ransacked for information on the subject; the first artists were consulted for the dresses; and intrigues ran high among those ambitious of being selected as actors in this novel drama. Many were the rivals for the honour of being chosen one of the knights, and many more were rivals among the fair sex for carrying off the palm of beauty.

At length, all was settled. Four-and-twenty

knights were selected. They were all chosen among the Austrian, Hungarian, and Polish nobility; at the same time, their personal appearance, activity, grace, and good horsemanship, rendered them the fittest for such honour; and they assembled daily at the palace, to practise the different manœuvres intended to be performed. The knights in their turn chose four-and-twenty ladies, to be their belles d'amour; and truly did they suit the appellation, for they were all remarkable for their grace and beauty *(g)*. Each lady gave a broad silk band of rich embroidery to her knight, which he wore as a scarf over the beautiful dress made for the occasion; and four colours (red, blue, white, and green) were chosen for the dresses of the knights, and equally adopted by their respective belles d'amour.

The dresses were made after the fashion of those worn in the time of Francis I. of France.

They wore broad-brimmed hats, bordered with plumes, having a single feather drooping on one side, and turned up in front with a loop of precious stones. Their jackets were of velvet, made to fit the shape, with slashed sleeves, the breasts purfled, and richly ornamented with gold lacings and buttons. Yellow half-boots, with wide tops, and fitted with gold spurs; and gauntlets of the same colour, embroidered with gold, completed their costume. Their swords hung in very rich scabbards, fastened by belts studded with precious stones, while the scarfs, of silk and gold embroidery, crossed the belt, and were knotted on the side opposite to the sword. The cavaliers were mounted on black Hungarian horses, remarkable for their speed, agility, and obedience to the manége; and, with long spears resting on their knees, they waited till the trumpet should proclaim the opening of the lists.

The dames de leur pensées were also attired in the fashions of the same period, and covered with a profusion of diamonds and precious stones. Six of them, those in emerald green, wore the costume of the Hungarian fashion of that time, being a long-waisted open tunic of green velvet, fastened all down the front, from the waist to the knee, with bands of precious stones, at regular distances, letting an under garment of white satin appear between the bands. From the waist upwards to the shoulder these bands spread wider, and were closer to each other, forming upon the breast a dazzling stomacher, powdered with rich stones and diamonds. A large, loose hanging sleeve, open to the shoulder, showed the arm in a tight white satin sleeve, embroidered with gold and gems. A long veil, of the richest and finest tissue, fell from the head to the feet, thrown back, and displaying a small cap, of

graceful form, also entirely covered with gems. The other *quadrilles* were equally magnificent, their dress varying only in form, according as it belonged to the Polish, Austrian, or Bohemian costumes.

The great manége of the palace had been prepared for this tournament; galleries had been erected at a sufficient height, so as not to interfere with the tilters, for the accommodation of the sovereigns, foreigners, and Austrian nobility. At the upper end of this immense area was the gallery for the sovereigns and princes, which occupied the whole width of the building. Exactly opposite, at the other end, were seated les belles d'amour, who were ranged in order, all of the same colour being seated by each other. On one of the long sides of the manége, now called the Salle de Carousel, was the gallery for all the ministers, ambassadors, generals, and foreigners, with

their families, the whole amounting to some hundreds. On the opposite side were ranged all the Austrian nobility. Under the royal gallery was fixed a large hoop, with rings suspended round it, which the knights were to bear off on their lances without stopping, and while their horses were at full speed. The floor of the manége was covered with sand to the height of half a foot, to prevent fatal accidents. At regular distances round the salle were stationed columns, on which were placed the turbaned heads of Moors. A barrier at the entrance of the salle formed the lists; behind which were stationed the heralds with their trumpets, and bands of military music.

At length the long-expected moment arrived. The heralds sounded a charge, the lists were opened, and the pursuivants, pages, and lance-bearers entered, forming themselves in lines on either side the walls, and along the centre

of the enclosure. Then entered abreast the twenty-four knights, who galloped up the salle until they arrived before the gallery of the sovereigns, when they lowered their lances, and paid obeisance to their illustrious hosts, who rose, and returned their salutations. They then turned, and galloping to the other extremity, paid their homage in like manner to the belles d'amour seated in the opposite gallery, who also rose and saluted their cavaliers; and then might be perceived all the splendour and beauty of those ladies who graced the courtly fête. The knights then withdrew, and awaited a second signal. The heralds sounded; the lists were again opened, and six of the knights entered, followed by their lance-bearers and pages, and galloping round the enclosure, raised their lances on high, and bore off each a ring. Three times they continued their course, until some of the cavaliers, the most

true of eye and the most dexterous of hand, had several rings upon the points of their lances. They then delivered them to the lance-bearers, and drawing their scimitars, and leaning forward on their horses' necks, in order to be nearer to the pillars on which were placed the Turks' heads, they dashed at them, to cut them down with one blow, while their steeds bore them on at full gallop.

Many of the cavaliers succeeded in this difficult manœuvre. Then commenced the tilting, the knights with their drawn swords closing, while their horses were in full career, and endeavouring to unhorse each other, giving proofs of great agility, strength, and good horsemanship. As it was not intended that any serious affray should take place, at a meeting devoted to harmony and amusement, when any of the knights demonstrated too earnest a disposition in their resistance to their supposed adversary,

the heralds ordered the tilt to stop. Six other knights then advanced, bands of music playing the while animated movements; and when the whole of the knights had performed the same manœuvres, six by six, they all re-entered, and placing themselves in quadrilles, executed on horseback a sort of Trojan game, or dance.

The whole assembly then rose, and adjourned with the knights and their belles d'amour to the banqueting-hall, where tables were laid out, sumptuously covered with refreshments. At the upper end of the great banqueting-room, which was illuminated with a splendour difficult to describe, was a magnificently decorated supper-table for the royal guests, which was elevated some feet above the next table, which, however, displayed equal magnificence, for the numerous petty princes, little potentates, and ministers. Again, a few feet lower, was another table for the knights and ladies of the

tournament, whilst all around the immense hall, bordering the walls, were tables for the other guests; so that on being seated, every one could partake of the fête, and witness the effect of the splendid scene.

It was not till this latter part of the carousel, that Howard, who had been an indifferent spectator of the pageant, and whose thoughts had been constantly on Therese, succeeded in obtaining a moment's conversation with Count W——. He had called repeatedly on him, but had never found him at home; and one of his principal inducements for going to the court fête had been the hopes of meeting with the count, whose friendly advice and assistance he needed. Count W—— had been one of the twenty-four knights, but not a triumphant one. His anonymous belle was not of the twenty-four ladies selected by the court, and he had chosen one for that occasion who little

interested him. After supper, at Howard's invitation, he withdrew with him into one of the large window-recesses, and there he first learnt his friend's passion, and intended marriage.

Howard requested his assistance in overcoming the difficulties, which a difference of religion, and the vocation to which Therese had been destined, might occasion; and added, that he counted on his friendship to make exertions for him, as he was very desirous of being married before the end of the carnival, which was approaching; or otherwise he should be obliged to postpone his happiness till Easter. Count W—— readily promised him all the assistance in his power, saying:—

"I wish with all my heart, my good friend, that the period was still nearer, which will probably not offend you; but in truth, I never

was so impatient for the close of a carnival, as I am this winter. My cruel beauty, for beauty I am persuaded she is, will not revoke her sentence, and will not avow herself, or consent to my happiness, till the end of the carnival."

"You remind me of a circumstance," replied Howard, "which, for a time, annoyed and astonished me much; and would have continued to harass me, had not my affairs assumed so smiling and propitious an aspect, that I think I have nothing to fear, or even to doubt. How on earth can your belle have acquired any knowledge of my attachment to Therese? When I met her at the Ridouten salle with you, I had never seen that lovely girl but once, nor had I acknowledged my passion to any one, yourself included, except the abbess;" and he repeated the words she had spoken.

Count W—— started, and after a moment's reflection, answered :—

" You have now given me a clue, for which I thank you most sincerely. It is evident she must be known to your Therese, for she can have acquired her information no where else."

" Why not from your sister, who is such a friend to Therese? And now that idea is started, I dare say that it is thus she has become acquainted with my romance, which otherwise could not have engaged her sufficiently for her to remember it. Probably, the interest she takes in you extends itself to your sister and your sister's friend."

" As you say," replied Count W——, " it is the one or the other who can give the information I require ; and I will go to the convent tomorrow, and ascertain the secret, if possible."

During this conversation all the supper parties had broken up, and were parading through

the rooms, or forming themselves in groups, arranging more parties of pleasure for the morrow, or lingering on in this elysium, until they were obliged to withdraw for the night; so that the friends were no longer alone, and finding themselves surrounded by company, prepared to depart. They descended the palace stairs together, and waited among crowds of people muffled up in furs to protect them from the rigour of a severe winter night, until their carriage could draw up. The vestibule, in which all the company were waiting for the same object, although well warmed with stoves, was but imperfectly lighted; and the persons already enveloped by their cloaks and furs so as to be undistinguishable one from another, were rendered entirely so by the dubious light.

Just as Count W——'s carriage was called, and he was stepping into it with Howard, a

voice close by his ear whispered ;—" It is neither the one nor the other ?" He turned his head quickly in the direction of the voice, but could discern no one. There was no time for him to make any search, as many other carriages were waiting to draw up ; and with infinite regret he was obliged to drive away, as much in the dark as ever with regard to his mysterious incognita.

CHAPTER VII.

———"She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek." TWELFTH NIGHT.

At this period of our story a circumstance occurred, which interested Howard in no common degree; and made him for a time forget the object nearest to his heart in sympathy for others. A day had been appointed at the convent of St. Etienne for the solemn ceremony of taking the veil. One of the boarders had finished her noviciate; and since rumours of

the melancholy cause, which had led to her renunciation of the world, had gone abroad, the attendance to witness the affecting scene was more than usually numerous. Engrossed as Howard was by his passion for Therese, he had nevertheless had his attention, on several of his visits to the abbess, painfully attracted by the heart-broken appearance of a young female, in whom his beloved seemed to take the most affectionate interest. The hectic on her sunken cheek, and the unearthly lustre of her dark eye, told of the wasting fires within; and there dwelt on her features the saint-like resignation of one whose soul was already communing with its God.

So weak was the uncomplaining sufferer, that she had to be supported to the altar; and on the third day after her admission into the sisterhood, her pure spirit winged its flight to "another and a better world."

The sad story of Leonore Gellert was afterwards related to Howard by the abbess; and as it "points a moral" but seldom enforced, we will take upon ourselves to repeat it, and leave for awhile the personages of our now closing drama.

LEONORE GELLERT.

"Madame Gellert's husband had filled an appointment in some public office. The whole of his earnings that remained after the simple necessaries of life were provided for, was appropriated to defray the expenses of Leonore's education. 'It is a treasure,' the good mother would say, 'which no one can deprive her of.' And then she would sigh deeply; for her father had irretrieveably sunk a considerable fortune in the pursuit of mad speculations. She still, however, comforted herself with the assurance, that Leonore would

not be entirely without fortune. In fact, the interest of a considerable sum of money lodged in a banker's hands, added to the salary of M. Gellert, formed a tolerable income, on which they lived without ostentation. Every day did the fond parents devise fresh projects for the future happiness of their lovely daughter. The father and mother would pass whole evenings in close and earnest converse; and when on the following morning their looks were frequently directed towards Leonore, the fair girl was agitated and pleased, though she knew not the reason. Receiving nothing but indulgence from the hands of her parents, she never saw an expression of joy mantling on their features, without half suspecting that they had some secret happiness in store for her.

"Time passed on, and a total change took place in the administration. The situation which M. Gellert had held for sixteen years,

was found a very advantageous post for a relation of one of the new legislators; and he was accordingly accused of entertaining obnoxious principles. Vain were all his endeavours to clear his character from these aspersions. Gellert was dismissed from his employment.

"His complaints, his sorrows, and his misfortunes, were heeded by none but his sad family. He fell ill; and a short time after this event, the failure of the banker in whose hands their only funds were deposited, so affected the hapless father, that he never recovered. His wife and daughter, in a very brief space, lost all that they possessed, and what was of infinitely more consequence, the only protector they had in the world. Leonore was then eighteen years of age.

"For a long time, they fondly hoped that their misfortunes, which were so severe, and so little merited, would not remain without

some consolation; that the moderate pension which they solicited, would be granted them; that the banker, who, after a short residence at Brussels, had returned, and was again living in a style of the greatest splendour and magnificence, would take pity on their unhappy situation. But every thing failed successively; their hopes vanished one by one. What could they obtain in this matter-of-fact age, in which noble sentiments and generous actions are considered as mere folly; in which presents are made, and favours conferred, only in the hope of an adequate return; in which men are not esteemed according to their intrinsic worth, but by the substantial benefits which they may be made the means of procuring? The mother and daughter could accomplish nothing; they were honest; misery was therefore their pittance. They at length made up their minds to expect no relief from the commiseration of

others; and their only hope now was, that they should not be destitute of employment.

"Seven years glided slowly away in this painful struggle with poverty. Where were all their hopes of happiness? Blighted almost as soon as entertained: and those who once could have enjoyed the superfluities of life, were now obliged to labour constantly to procure even the common necessaries of existence.

"Leonore had occasionally taught drawing, and given lessons on the piano. But these acquirements, which were extravagantly praised in a rich young lady, with whom they only served as the amusement of an idle hour, were criticized and depreciated, when they were employed for the purpose of gaining a livelihood; and it was frequently impossible for Leonore to avail herself of these accomplishments. Needle-work, that humble resource for females, became their occupation; and it

was necessary to labour so hard for a very trifling remuneration, that if an illness even for a few days occurred, they were compelled to dispose of whatever trinkets or articles of furniture they could spare, till at length, nothing but the piano remained to attest their former independent condition.

" Notwithstanding the grief and vexation of mind which could now plainly be traced on Leonore's countenance, her sorrow bore no comparison with that which her mother experienced, at seeing the bloom and cheerfulness of youth fade from the lineaments of her beloved daughter. How often at night, bending over their work by the light of a solitary lamp, with minds teeming with sentiments which they dared not express, would each endeavour to conceal from the other the sad reflections which crowded on her mind, and with an effort make some observation on an unim-

portant object, in order to break the silence which betrayed too truly how much they suffered.

"About the period of the commencement of our story, it was evident that something unusual was about to happen in their humble apartment; for they did not resume their needle-work at the ordinary hour. Leonore was dressed in a style very different from her general attire; and the appearance of every thing seemed to announce that the poor females had some new project in view.

"A light tap was heard at the door. 'It is he!' said Leonore, starting; and a mingled expression of hope and anxiety played across her features; she paused.

"In those decisive moments of life, when our conduct will have a lasting influence over our future destiny, such numerous and varied reflections present themselves to our minds, and

our agitation is so overpowering, that we are, as it were, suspended from existence. Leonore had not strength to walk to the door; and some minutes elapsed ere she found it possible to stir.

" Madame Gellert bent down towards a drawer open before her, as if to take something from it, but in reality to conceal her tears: and when she approached the door, and opened it to the person who had knocked, she had sufficiently mastered her emotion to be able to receive the visiter with something like a smile upon her features. ' We were waiting for you, doctor.' And Doctor L—— entered the humble abode.

" This gentleman's celebrity had made him more familiar with the mansions of the rich than the dwellings of the poor. However, his countenance expressed neither surprise nor contempt, as he entered the comfortless apart-

ment of the two females who were waiting for him. He saluted them with as much politeness as if they had occupied the first floor of the house, instead of the garret; he perceived that fortune had dealt hardly with them; and he had seen the great too nearly to despise the poor.

"Madame Gellert offered him a chair. The doctor drew out his watch: 'It is time,' he said; 'if you are ready, we will proceed.' Leonore put on her bonnet; the mother adjusted her shawl. There was a pause. Madame Gellert clasped the doctor's hand with an expression of gratitude. 'She will do well, very well,' he said. A look thanked him for having divined the anxiety of a mother; and the females prepared to depart. They did not dare to utter a word; for they feared to lose the command over their feelings. Leonore gave a parting glance round the

little apartment: and with this look fresh thoughts poured in upon her mind. Hope lighted up her melancholy countenance with a smile; and this glance at the humble chamber which she was about to leave recalled to her memory so many trials and sufferings, that she hardly thought it possible fate could have had so many hardships in store for her. She had always dreamt of happiness; a fleeting thought occurred to her, that as she had so largely partaken of the evils of this world, she had now some right to its pleasures: and she in imagination deemed it possible that she might once more be happy.

"The doctor roused her from her reverie: and the mother and daughter now accompanied him to his carriage. The small parcel containing Leonore's apparel was placed in it; and the carriage drove off at a rapid pace towards the Strass ——.

"Turn we now to a different scene: from the garret of the impoverished Madame Gellert to the splendid hotel of the Countess Julie R——.

"The countess was in her boudoir, half-reclining on a settee. The Duke de G——, the constant torment of every fashionable female, was repeating to her, for the hundredth time, some old-fashioned compliments. He had endeavoured to become young again, by adopting new ideas and fashions; but the former were as ill-matched with his previous prejudices, as the latter with his wrinkled features.

"The countess was overcome with *ennui*. Her fair arm rested on a cushion; and her head reclined on her delicate white hand. Her features were not regular, but their expression was frank and pleasing; and the charms of youth, slightly aided by the cares of the toilet, rendered the Countess Julie a very charming

woman. She had nearly completed her twenty-fifth year; but her complexion was so blooming, and her form so diminutive and *arrondie*, that she hardly appeared to have attained eighteen years. Tears had never dimmed the lustre of her eyes; never had a painful feeling of humiliation or dependence saddened her fair brow. None but those who loved or admired her had ever been near her: her youth had glided away in one continued round of pleasures; she had heard no other words but those of flattery and love; she thought all men honest, good, and happy.

"Julie considered *ennui* as the greatest misfortune; and when she endured without much yawning the visit of a prosy acquaintance, she named it an act of heroism. For half an hour she had been priding herself on her courage, when the duke, having exhausted every common-place he could devise, bethought himself

of saying, 'Who is this young man, madam, whom we have seen so frequently with you since your return to Vienna, and whom nobody knows? What is his name?'

"The countess made a hasty movement, and her handkerchief falling, the old duke stooped to pick it up. Through this slight interruption, and the apparently careless tone in which the question was put, so that it seemed to require no answer, the conversation might easily have been changed; but the visible contempt with which the young man's name was purposely forgotten piqued the countess, and quickly recovering from her embarrassment, she replied quietly, but firmly, 'Herr Meissner.'

"'True, true; who is the person? how happens he to be so often here? May I inquire, what pleasure you can find in the conversation of an individual as unacquainted

with the ideas of fashionable life, as he is with its etiquette?'

"These questions were put in that point-blank manner, which extorts an answer. The countess hesitated a moment, and a slight smile of contempt curled her lip as she said, 'I met Herr Meissner at my grandmother's, when I paid her a visit fifteen months ago: you know that I spent my year of mourning after my husband's death with her. So long a sojourn there, with the great dearth of society in the neighbourhood, naturally gave rise to an intimacy between the three.'

"'Oh! I see. A protégé of your respected grandmother's. A secretary, perhaps, or a kind of upper steward, or——'

"'I never knew them on any other footing than that of friends.'

"The countess evidently concealed the truth,

for she blushed up to the very temples, fidgeted about, seemed to miss something, and rang to inquire for the key of her scrutoire; but the pitiless duke took no notice of her confusion, and proceeded with his interrogatories.

"'Herr—I forget his name, is in mourning, if I recollect right?'

"'I believe so,' was the half angry reply.

"'Is he a person of any property?'

"'Undoubtedly.'

"This was spoken in so decided a tone as to have stopped the queries of any other, than a man of either the highest or the lowest breeding: but like the old man in Sindbad, the persecutor did not relax.

"'He is just come into something, probably?'

"This, however, was so indefinite a question, that an answer was not indispensable; and, accordingly, it was suffered to pass without

one. The duke then changed his battery, and began to expatiate on the impossibility of a roturier's ever attaining the graceful self-possession at once observable in a man of rank.

"'Fortune and talent may go far, I allow; still, whatever his other recommendations, the clay cannot be turned into porcelain.'

"He continued this species of monologue much to his own satisfaction, whilst the countess mechanically tore, bit by bit, the fine lace edging of her handkerchief; and twice half opened her lips to speak, when prudence arrested the words she would have given the world to utter. However, the anger and contempt she felt were strongly depicted on her features, and it was evident that she was pushed to the extreme limits of patience, and was half wild to find some method of punishing the contented orator for his prosing. The fortunate idea at length struck her; and precisely at

the moment when the duke had reached a brilliant *anti*-climax, and seemed himself astonished at the profundity of his eloquence, the malicious countess yawned. The effect was electrical; and the orator remained speechless. Just as this *tour-de-mâitre* was played off, the door opened, and the servant announced, 'Herr Meissner.'

"The countess smiled. All her embarrassment had vanished with her success, and she received her visiter with marked kindness.

"'I have just left your grandmother,' said the latter, 'and am afraid she will not be able to come down stairs to-day.'

"'And you will be left alone, my dear countess, not even Frau Luise to keep you company!' exclaimed the duke, in a tone of pity.

"'Oh! she left me eight days ago. Her aunt, I believe, is ill, or there is something or

other amiss. At all events, she is gone; and I am glad of it, for these companions are so proper, so formal, and so precise, so very like 'patience on a monument,' although not smiling ones, that like the dropping well I have heard you speak of, Ernst,' said the countess, turning to Meissner, 'they petrify me. However, Dr. L—— called upon me yesterday, and assured me. that since my grandmother's state of health confined her to her room, I must have another companion; for that being so much alone would make me nervous, and a thousand other horrible things. It is impossible to bear the fatigue of company every day, you know, and eternally going out to parties is worse. And after all it is a relief to have some one to speak to when one chooses, or to let it alone just as the whim sits. So the doctor has undertaken to procure me another *petrifier*, and I have given him carte-blanche,

with one little exception. She must not look so dismal as poor Mamsell Luise. It made me positively quite melancholy to look at her. Such a contrast too, with my lively French maid, Suzette, whose droll remarks I have been tempted to listen to of late, although brought up by my mother with a horror of encouraging the prattle of such people.'

"An involuntary sentiment of pity might have been detected in the glance which Meissner gave at that moment to the wealthy Julie; whilst the duke, on the contrary, gazed on her with admiration. A slight movement of curiosity was soon evinced by the whole party, for a few minutes after, Dr. L—— and two ladies were announced.

"'This is Leonore Gellert, of whom I have already had the honour of speaking to your ladyship,' said the doctor, introducing her to the countess.

"And these two young women, of the same age, whose education had been nearly similar, and whose tastes, consequently, could not be very unlike, met with fear on the one side, and calm indifference on the other. Leonore so poor! Julie so rich! Leonore trembling with the knowledge that her future fate might perhaps depend on that minute. Julie, distant, unembarrassed, and conscious that on the first pique she could dismiss her. The one aware that, thanks to her fortune, all approaching her were dependent upon her; the other taught by poverty that she depended upon all surrounding her.

"Madame Gellert, with tremulous voice, besought the countess's indulgence for her daughter. Julie replied politely, and inquired if Madame Gellert lived in Vienna.

"The latter hesitated a moment, and then answered in the affirmative, adding:—

"'I live at such a distance, and have so many calls on my time, that I shall be able to see my daughter very seldom.'

"The poor woman had guessed the meaning of the question, asked apparently through a feeling of interest; but really through the fear of her visits becoming troublesome. She felt that it was not enough for her to lose the sharer and consoler of her troubles; that it was not enough for Leonore to sacrifice every moment of her life to the caprices of the great lady; but that to complete the painful sacrifice, the anxious yearnings of a mother, and fond tenderness of a daughter, must be immolated at the shrine of a duty, purchased with—the crumbs that fall from the table of the rich. That instinct, which misfortune developes, taught her at once the extent of the sacrifice, which until that moment had never been presented to her mind: and she had immediately

conceived how offensive to a woman of fashion must be the frequent appearance of the ill-dressed and aged mother of her dependant. A look told Leonore all that was passing in her mind, and the poor girl could hardly refrain from tears; yet she endeavoured to smile. The countess turned to her ;—

"'Have you lived any where before as a companion?'

"'I have never yet left my mother,' was the almost inarticulate answer of Leonore.

"The conversation languished. How indeed could it be kept up! On the one side was the fear of compromising an artificial dignity, and on the other that of failing in due respect. In vain did the worthy doctor endeavour to bring general topics on the tapis. The constraint under which the whole party laboured became painfully evident, and Madame Gellert rose to take leave. The countess rang

the bell, and ordered a servant to show Leonore the apartment formerly occupied by Mamsell Luise: 'It is to be this young lady's,' she said.

"The menial stared at Leonore with an air of insolence, but prepared to obey. Madame Gellert stammered forth a few words of thanks, received as a matter of course, and then left the room with her daughter.

"They were shown into a large, gloomy apartment, on the same floor, furnished in a style that had gone out of date, but which yet appeared magnificent to the occupiers of a sorry attic.

"'Here, mamsell,' said the valet, 'is a small parcel, which the doctor says is yours. You see there is a wardrobe here, besides those two chests of drawers, so that your mother may send your things directly.'

"Leonore coloured. Her poor mother had

sacrificed every thing of her own in the least valuable, in order to make up, with the poor relics of Leonore's better days, even this 'small parcel.' Both were ashamed of their poverty, and spoke not. The lacquey remained standing near the door, which remained open, as a signal, thought Madame Gellert, for her departure. She folded her weeping child in her arms, and kissing an adieu, left her, to return to her garret.

"The bitterness of the separation did not arise from the sense of the solitude to which the poor mother was about to be exposed, al though that was much; nor from the additional pang given to their poverty by being momentarily brought in contact with the wantonness of luxury; but from the feeling that Leonore would be nothing to those with whom she would have daily intercourse—that she would be alone in the midst of crowds—that

'the old, familiar faces' would be strange to her. She would live without the blessing of sympathy; for she could neither be the equal of the mistress, nor of the servant.

"Leonore's courage wavered, and she was on the point of rushing after her mother, when the reflection stayed her—we have nothing. Nothing but the quarter's salary which the doctor had procured in advance, part of which had been already disbursed to satisfy their clamorous creditors, and the remainder would barely suffice for the support of her mother until the next payment should become due. This reflection was sufficient. The dependant dried her tears, for she knew that the die was cast.

"About a month after Leonore's appointment to her new office, some impertinent remarks made by Suzette to her mistress, on the scantiness of Mamsell Gellert's wardrobe, and

which were intended to degrade her in the estimation of the countess, produced, to the grisette's great disappointment, quite a contrary effect.

" The next day the mantua-maker was ordered to make two dresses for Leonore; and the milliner furnished her with a handsome bonnet.

" Hitherto, Leonore had not perceived that the countess felt the slightest affection for her. Placed within the sphere of a society, of which she formed no part, curiosity had been the only feeling with which she regarded what happened around her. She was therefore not only surprised, but deeply affected. 'To have thus thought of me, when I did not imagine she could take any interest in me! Ah!' exclaimed Leonore, 'I was ungrateful!' She hastened to her lady's apartment, and trembling, and with eyes overflowing with tears,

faltered out her thanks. Julie did not comprehend her feelings; she thought that the poor girl had never possessed any thing of the kind, since she was so strongly affected by her presents; and, smiling at the manner in which her attendant received her kindness, she gave her ribbons, neckerchiefs, and other trifles of the same kind. Leonore returned to her chamber laden with these little gifts; and though she was not by any means displeased with these additional ornaments, yet a slight damp was thrown upon her spirits. When she received the first presents of the countess, she believed they had emanated from a feeling of affection; she returned with many fresh gifts from her mistress, but nothing more. She had hoped something better—she had thought she was beloved.

"Three months elapsed. Leonore endured a thousand annoyances from the countess's

waiting-maid, and other domestics, which were imperceptible to her mistress, and which the poor girl found easier to suffer than to describe. Julie, in spite of the ill-natured observations of her personal attendant, discerned in the modest reserve, and gentle demeanour of Leonore, traces of good-breeding, and proofs of a liberal education. Her accomplishments occasionally were a source of amusement for her, and possessed an additional advantage in her eyes. Leonore drew tastefully, and could finish a drawing begun by the countess, when the subject was too difficult, or she was in too idle a mood to complete it. Various little ornaments, too, which generally abound in the apartments of a lady of fashion, were designed and executed by Leonore, to the no small satisfaction of her mistress, who daily received compliments from her admirers on the taste which they evinced.

"These elegant trifles served to feed the vanity of the countess, and passed for her work. The poor Leonore was but a supplement to the life of her wealthy patroness. She was condemned to hear the praises of the picture she had finished, of the embroidery her taste had designed, and her diligence had completed, loudly praised as the work of another; whilst not a glance would have been vouchsafed to the same productions, if suspected to have been hers.

"Ever ready at the beck of the countess, she sat, work in hand, when her presence was desired, near the window, at some distance from whatever company might be present, never presuming to take a part in the conversation, and answering in monosyllables, when any one condescended to address her. Her very presence would be forgotten for hours at a time. She would hear poverty often spoken

of as if it were a crime, and honest industry treated with contempt. To listen to some of these foplings, it might be supposed that to depend on one's own exertions was to bear the brand of Cain; and that to be without the luxuries of life was to be destitute of the feelings, or the rights of humanity. The poor girl would hear things mentioned as essential to existence, which she was doomed never to enjoy. Daily, too, did she hear addressed to the countess that language, so dear to the heart of woman, in which admiration seems to struggle with respect; and delicate homage paid to a thousand imagined perfections in Julie, whilst no one appeared even to see herself. And yet the confined luxuriance of her auburn hair was well worth the rich profusion of Julie's raven tresses; and the delicately regular features of Leonore would have been a hundred times preferable to the somewhat

common expression of the countess's face, had not confinement and suffering prematurely taken away from them the freshness of youth. This, if the truth must be told, constituted a surprising charm in the eyes of the countess; for what more fortunate event in the life of a coquette, and that coquette a widow, than to have constantly by her side an advantageous foil. The attenuated figure of poor Leonore showed in its fairest light, the full and rounded symmetry of the luxurious Julie.

"Six months had now passed since Leonore Gellert was first introduced into the house of the countess. The carnival had arrived; and balls, fêtes, and pleasures of every kind succeeded each other with more than usual rapidity. One morning, Julie had risen later than ordinarily. The ball had been prolonged to day-light; but a warm bath, as soon as she got up, had banished all trace of the last

night's fatigues, and prepared her for those of the evening. Enveloped in an elegant cachemire, and buried in one of those large, gothic settees, which set off by their massive size the elegant proportions of a young and lovely woman, Julie suffered her thoughts to wander into a vague reverie. A change had for some time been observable in her manners. There were moments in which she now felt the want of solitude; and she would then remain for hours immoveable, and silent. At other times, restless and unsettled, she would fly from one object to another. Undecided, and uneasy, she was tossed to and fro, as it were, by some feeling, or recollection, from which she sought to fly. She would go out of a morning, stop at the fashionable shops, and buy, seemingly without choice, a mass of things which when sent home were never looked at. At times, she would ride recklessly into the country, at

a pace and with a temerity by no means customary with her, for she was naturally timid. Then, she would hurry from visit to visit, and this to people for whom she cared nothing; would make it a point of duty to attend to invitations from quarters heretofore disregarded; and then, worn out by fatigue, gloomy, and dispirited, she would give herself up to solitude for days at a time, and close her door to every one. She was, in fact, a prey to some inward struggle; but what the cause! and what the result!

"Julie, plunged, as we have said, in a silent reverie, was disturbed by the noise of an opening door in the room adjoining her boudoir, and remembered that she had forgot to say, 'not at home.' It was too late, and Madame Herder was announced. A smile of satisfaction lighted up the features of the countess. 'Is it you, my dear Röschen! Oh! how I was longing

for a chat with you, how happy I am to see you.' These were not words of course; they sprang from the heart. Röschen was a relative of the countess, had been brought up with her, and was of the same age; kind, affectionate, of circumscribed means, and not pretty, she admired Julie, and loved her from the very bottom of her frank and sincere heart. And when the heart is troubled, and the mind harassed, how delightful is it to see a friend who, we are conscious, really loves us!

"'Oh! how happy I am to see you,' repeated the lively countess; 'what a number of things I have to tell you.'

"They installed themselves near the fire, arranged themselves each on her settee, adjusted the screens to their satisfaction, and, in short, prepared themselves for long and serious conversation.

"Madame Herder waited with impatience

until the countess should begin; but the latter appeared undecided how to commence. She hemmed, put on and took off her gloves, took some bonbons, offered them to Röschen, and spoke not a word.

"'Well!' at length murmured the astonished Madame Herder.

"Julie asked after her friend's husband, her children, and a hundred little domestic particulars; but still not a word. At length Röschen could not help asking, 'Have you nothing to tell me?'

"'Oh! yes—many things, of course—I have not seen you for two months, you know.'

"'I thought, and I still think so,' rejoined her friend, 'that there is something important to communicate. If you could but see how embarrassed you look—but come, I will be merciful, and spare you the pain of confessing. I guess——'

" ' Well!'

" ' Nay, I more than guess—I predict——'

" ' What?'

" ' That you are going to marry again.'

" ' You are a false prophet, Röschen. Marry! The idea has never once entered my head.'

" The countess spoke in so natural a tone, and with such apparent ease, and frankness, that her puzzled friend was quite at fault. She wearied herself with questions, guesses, and conjectures; and at last finished by concluding that she had deceived herself in supposing Julie had any particular secret to confide, since their long friendship authorized her in suggesting, that the countess might love where there could, or rather where there ought to be no hope of a return, and her friend had laughed heartily at the supposition. Her scared look in giving utterance to such an idea

added to the mirth of the countess; and Röschen, re-assured by her gaiety, good-humouredly joined in the laugh. Then she began to enumerate all the matches which came into her mind; mentioned the most striking names, and dwelt upon the rank and fortune of all the single men of their acquaintance, and at each name added, 'He is yours, if you like.'

"The countess heard each name with either renewed laughter, or a witticism, and at length said, 'Well, Röschen, since I have only to nod, and the man must fall at my feet, let me hear them all—don't forget a single one.' And she began to run over, by the aid of the alphabet, a thousand A's, B's, and C's, whom her friend had passed over, from their inferiority to the countess in rank and fortune.

"'Nay, if you take it at that rate,' rejoined Röschen, 'I will not spare you one of the thousand and one partners who have figured with you

at the balls this winter.' And the two young women, with peals of laughter, purposely brought up the names of the most poverty-stricken, and the ugliest, of their numerous acquaintance.

" ' I think we must have done now,' said Röschen, ' unless we take into account the Duke of M——'s secretary, or your nephew's tutor, or the ex-secretary of your grandmother.'

" ' Herr Meissner!' exclaimed Julie, endeavouring to force a laugh: but an indefinable expression overshadowed her countenance, which suddenly became serious.

" ' He is an excellent young man,' continued Röschen; ' somewhat original, it is true, but sensible, and unaffected. I wonder we have never spoken of him before. Pray, who or what is he? I have my reasons for being particular.'

" The countess, surprised at the earnestness

of her friend's manner, replied, 'Although not of noble, he is of a most respectable family, and the death of his father has left him a sufficiency. So far as to the mere matter-of-fact information you seem to aim at. But if you inquire further, and ask me his character, I do not know how to speak too highly of him.' Julie by degrees, giving loose to her real feelings, warmed in the subject, and ended by pronouncing an unqualified eulogium on his virtues, and on those agreeabilities, and minor recommendations, which are likewise virtues in a woman's eyes.

"Her friend appeared delighted; and frankly disclosed the cause of her curiosity, which was an idea she entertained that Meissner was paying attentions to a young friend, in whom both she and her husband took a lively interest. 'Their property and rank in life are both suitable,' she added; 'and I think that I

cannot do better than turn match-maker, and claim your assistance in bringing them together.'

"'Impossible!' abruptly exclaimed Julie, who appeared uneasy, and out of humour at the turn the conversation had taken.

"'Why?'

"'Ernst Meissner has no such intentions. I am positive he is not attached to her!'

"'That is to say, you know of some attachment elsewhere.'

"The countess remained silent.

"'Ah! I see there is something I am not to know; yet you may surely tell me.'

"'Suppose it was a love-secret.'

"'He has made you his confidant.'

"'I don't say that.'

"'You guess so, then?'

"'How so? Is it any concern of mine whom Herr Meissner does, or does not love?'

" ' But he spends all his time with you, or your grandmother.'

" ' Well, what of that?'

" The countess spoke abruptly; and a slight degree of contempt was perceptible in the tone of her voice.

" ' You wish to keep me in the dark, Julie; you know something.'

" ' I! no, indeed.'

" ' I have it,' said Röschen, clapping her hands.

" Julie started up, and appeared to be busy, seeking after something which she missed. Her friend continued—

" ' I never meet him except here, or at those parties to which you are invited.'

" Julie was too absorbed in her search to make any reply.

" ' His affections must be centred here—yet it is madness.'

"The vinaigrette, which the countess had mechanically taken up, dropped from her fingers.

"'The poor girl has nothing, I am sure.'

"'What girl?' asked the countess, drawing her breath.

"'Why—your companion—how do you call her?—Leonore, is it not?'

"'Leonore!'

"'She is well enough, to be sure; but then she never opens her lips, and does not appear likely to attract so superior a person as Herr Meissner. And then, she is penniless!'

"The countess resumed her seat silently and contentedly. She gave no decided answer to her friend, either in the negative or the affirmative. However, she spoke of Leonore with some degree of interest, and expressed herself decidedly against any match-making scheme for one whose affections might happen to be otherwise engaged. She then led the

conversation into another channel, and Röschen left her fully impressed with the idea that her rich friend had conceived a true regard for the humble Leonore, and would be well pleased at so advantageous a match for her.

"Fifteen days after this conversation, Leonore bounded with a light and joyous step up the five stories, which led to her mother's humble apartment.

"'Mother, mother,' she cried out, even before she reached the door, 'mother, here I am! I am free for the whole day; I can spend it with you, my dear mother.'

"Madame Gellert hastened to open the door at the sound of her voice; and as she now embraced her, now held her from her at arms' length to gaze at and admire her, she could not help saying;—

"'We were wrong to grieve at parting, Leonore. How well and happy you look!

And how grateful do I feel to that good young lady, and to the kind Dr. L——, who introduced us to her. How happy it makes me to see you looking like your former self.'

"And in truth, the dress, the beaming countenance, and even the sound of her voice, all told of a change in the once more joyous Leonore.

"'You are right, dear mother, to call the countess good, and kind. Thanks to her, I am no longer the isolated being who seemed out of place in her splendid mansion. I am spoken to now like the other ladies, who may happen to be present. Yesterday I danced, too; and more than this, a friend of the countess's has given me a special invitation to a large party. I am quite at my ease with all these great people now; and if you were but with me, dear mother, I should not have a single thing to long for.'

"As she was speaking, Leonore drew from her purse a portion of the money she had last received from the countess.

"'Here, mother, this is for you, and I have still much more than I want;—look at this handsome bonnet—this shawl! I wish you to buy also every thing that you want; or otherwise I shall no longer take any pleasure in what I already possess.'

"Delighted with the happiness and affection of her daughter, Madame Gellert embraced her affectionately.

"'The countess, then, treats you with kindness! She will become attached to you. But it was a long time before she did you justice. Yet, I had forgotten; there are so many things to distract her attention, we ought to be doubly thankful to her for the interest she takes in you, for that will do us much more good than her money.'

" 'I will tell you all, my dear mother. We have not seen each other for a fortnight; and this fortnight has produced great changes. The countess, who was so gay, and thought only of pleasure at the commencement of the winter, has been latterly melancholy, and even ill-tempered. She frets at every thing, and has been even peevish with me; though I ever strive to anticipate and fulfil her slightest wish. In spite of all my endeavours, I have never been able to discover the cause of this change in her disposition. A fortnight ago, she called for me the moment Herr Meissner took his leave. You may remember, mother, hearing me speak of this young man; he comes every day to visit her. She appeared so vexed and angry, that I thought she would have burst forth into complaints against him. But, no; after scolding me for three or four trifles, for which, in fact, no blame could be attached to me, (but

I would not interrupt her, for fear of increasing her ill-humour,) she sat down in a corner of her boudoir, as if to read, and I all at once perceived that she was weeping. Without reflecting, I rose, and running up to her, could not refrain from exclaiming,—'Good heavens, madam, is your mind ill at ease? Oh! I am so grieved!'—She looked at me with surprise, saying, 'You, Leonore!'—'Is it not to you that I owe every thing? Do you think, then, that I am so ungrateful as to see you, who know so little of grief, weep, without feeling emotion? I should be very sorry if you had any real cause for tears!'—She smiled. 'I am very silly to cry so for nothing. Come, Leonore, sing me a gay melody; that will revive me.'—She recovered her spirits; but I perceived that something unusual had occurred.

"'From this day she has made me accompany

her wherever she went. One of her friends, Madame Herder, who often visits her, behaves very kindly to me. Herr Meissner, who was the first to take any notice of me, is always my gallant; these ladies having a crowd of fine gentlemen, dukes, counts, and barons, who fatigue them with their attentions. He was much surprised the other day. Madame Herder having mentioned to him what she was pleased to call my taste in singing, I was obliged to comply when he expressed a desire to hear me. I was rather nervous when I began, for till then I had only sung in the presence of the countess and her friend. But I recovered my self-possession, and I observed that he was much pleased with my performance. At length, last evening he made me dance; I think the countess requested him to do so. He appeared astonished that, notwithstanding my timidity, I acquitted myself tolerably. The

rich imagine that the poor can neither act, think, nor feel as they do; and I was aware of the surprise which was excited by my possessing these acquirements. This at first vexed me; but now that the countess is so kindly affected towards me, I am highly amused at the wonder which is occasionally testified. Oh! mother, if we could be oftener together, if I had time to tell you all that I see and hear, and if you were but in better circumstances, I should have nothing left to desire.

"'It is singular,' added Leonore, 'that the countess, who is so affectionate towards me, should be so much the contrary towards Herr Meissner. She must have contracted an extreme aversion for him; and yet he is by far the best and most sensible man of her acquaintance. Frequently, in spite of the mildness of his disposition, his patience seems exhausted. Yesterday he accused her to me of caprice, and

want of heart. I defended her warmly; and told him how kind she had been to me; how much I was indebted to her, and all the misery from which her benevolence had rescued me. My story interested him; he heard me with profound attention; questioned me closely, and I told him all the truth, for there was nothing in our story to be ashamed of. I spoke of you, mother. It was the first time since I had been with the countess that I dared tell any one how much I love you, or how kind you are to your daughter.'

"Leonore spent a happy day with her mother. On her return at seven o'clock, she was much surprised to find that the countess had arrived before dinner. Julie, with her wonted caprice, had changed her intentions. She had ordered her carriage at eleven, to go into the country to visit one of her friends, proposing not to return till evening; but she had hardly

gone half a league, when the journey seemed long and tedious. She ordered the coachman to return; and, after paying a few short visits, she arrived at home at four o'clock, highly delighted at having escaped the *ennui*, with which, if she had paid the intended visit, she would have been infallibly afflicted.

"She had dined alone; and when, at seven o'clock, Leonore returned, Julie was delighted to have some one to speak to. Herr Meissner arrived a short time after. They sang, they laughed and joked; each was happy, each entertaining, without effort; and when midnight struck, all three exclaimed, 'So soon!' and Julie added;—'Oh! how sweet would it be thus to pass life!'

"But the world was of a different opinion; the rank of a fashionable female imposed certain duties. Who would have envied the titled Julie the friendship of a poor companion,

and the love of an humble secretary? So, when the next evening Herr Meissner repeated his visit, he did not find the pleasing Julie, but the coquetish and haughty countess, from whom he could not obtain even a glance; and who lavished all her attentions, and all her smiles, upon the favourites of fashion. She did not even appear to see the hand which he offered to conduct her to her carriage; she took that of another, and did not grant a word or a look to the man, she had listened to with so much pleasure the preceding evening.

"Herr Meissner was much hurt by her conduct; he had long suffered her caprices; but his pride was now roused, his resolution taken, and he determined from this moment to think of her no more. The effort was great; and a sleepless night, and a feeling of utter desolation, stamped in a few hours an expression of anguish on his features, which was remarked by Leonore,

as soon as he appeared the next day at the countess's mansion.

"'Good heavens! what has happened to you?' exclaimed the agitated girl: but she quickly surmised that his was a grief, which should be consoled without probing too deeply into its origin. Poor Leonore had suffered so much in her short life, that she found consolation for misfortunes which she herself had not even known. Ernst at length said;—

"'Tell me of yourself, of your mother, of your hopes and projects. Is it true that your youth has been a stranger to all that seems happiness to its untaught vision, that no words of love have ever reached your ear?'

"Leonore smiled sadly. 'Who could love me but my mother?' said she blushing; for it was the first time that a young and handsome man had uttered the word in her presence; and Ernst thought within himself;—'She

would not treat the man who loved her with disdain; but her delicate mind would partake all his sentiments.'

"The countess Julie became aware, a few days after, that Herr Meissner evidently avoided her company. She made various pretexts to recall him, for without him her house seemed desolate. But when fashion resumed its sway, Julie found means to keep him in company with Leonore; and thus it appeared to the world that both were under her benevolent protection.

"One day, they spent the morning in visiting an exhibition of pictures. Julie, as usual, had left Leonore to the care of Ernst, while her own gallant was a man more her equal in point of rank. She still, however, could enjoy the conversation of Meissner, who with Leonore resting on his arm, walked at her side. They met Madame Herder, who joined the party.

In her friendship for Leonore, she overpowered her with praises and compliments, and when it was time to depart, the countess having a visit to make, she offered to convey Leonore home.

"When they were alone in the carriage, the kind Röschen expressed herself more frankly;—

"'And I thought of making a match for him!' she suddenly exclaimed: and when Leonore, surprised, knew not what to answer, she added, 'Has not Julie mentioned it to you? However, I believe, I am only anticipating her, so do not betray me.'

"Leonore could not comprehend what this meant; yet she felt somewhat agitated. Madame Herder continued;—

"'Although he might make a good marriage, that is to say with regard to fortune, yet those who feel an interest in him cannot blame him. Your gentleness, your acquirements, your excellent education, are a great

attraction; and Herr Meissner will be happy, I am sure.'

"If it had been possible for the two females, whose heads were covered, to distinguish each other's features, Madame Herder, with the little penetration she possessed, would have been struck with the indefinable expression which animated the countenance of her companion, as she uttered these words. Her inward feelings were delineated with surprising truth on her handsome features; wonder, joy, and fear lest her hearing had deceived her, by turns agitated her mind, until Madame Herder explained to her, that she had declined proposing another alliance for Meissner, upon being informed that he had placed his affections on Leonore, and that the countess Julie was anxious that the marriage should be concluded.

"She might have spoken for hours, the delighted girl would not have interrupted her,

her joy and gratitude were so overpowering. On alighting at the countess's mansion, she trembled excessively. Hardly able to support herself, and incapable of uttering a word, she seized Madame Herder's hand, and pressed it fervently. She could only thank her by her looks.

"Who can tell the thoughts which passed in Leonore's mind? It was necessary to have suffered as she had done, to have endured like her the severest trials, to experience the sensations she felt the whole of that evening. Happily she was alone; the countess did not dine at home. How joyous she was! How often did she call down blessings on her benefactress! How she adored Meissner! With what impatience did she long to see her mother!

"On the following day, Julie took an excursion into the country. Leonore remained behind; but fearing lest the countess should

change her intentions, and more than ever anxious to testify her attachment to her, she did not stir from the house. She intreated her mother to come to her; for she felt that, in order to have nothing more to wish for, a mother must partake of her happiness.

"She was waiting her arrival, when Meissner entered the drawing-room. Leonore remained for some time bending over the flower which she was painting, while her fair cheeks were suffused with a crimson blush.

"'I am waiting for my mother,' she at length said, in order to conceal her emotion, 'I am waiting for her, and the countess has gone out.'

"Meissner replied, that he rejoiced at having an opportunity of meeting Madame Gellert, as the sentiments of the daughter had inspired him with a high opinion of the mother; and this subject of conversation, which was

always a fertile theme with Leonore, enabled her to divert and conceal her exuberant feelings. But how did her heart beat, as she listened to every word he uttered! And Meissner, charmed with her simplicity, began to believe that happiness might at length spread sunshine over his breast.

"Madame Gellert entered: she discerned the truth at the first glance, and was somewhat alarmed. Leonore experienced no other feelings than those of delight; the fears of her mother troubled not her spotless mind. Herr Meissner saluted her respectfully, and spoke of the pleasure he felt in being introduced to her. His expressions were uttered in so candid a manner, that Madame Gellert's alarm was speedily dissipated; and when, a few minutes after, he retired, and Leonore flew to her mother's embraces, the poor woman, sharing in the confidence of her daughter, could only

say, in a tone of delight, 'Tell me all, Leonore.'

* * * * *

"The countess became serious, and was frequently buried in meditation. The constraint which a constant succession of company imposed upon her became irksome, and retirement began to have charms in her eyes. She would say to herself, 'I have every thing at my disposal, yet nothing amuses me!' Then would this thought occur, in spite of herself: 'Why does this heart, indifferent to all the splendours which surround me, sometimes beat with such fervour? The fashionables who surround me are astonished at finding me so insensible. Ah! if they knew——' Then would a sudden terror come over her, as if a yawning pit had opened beneath her feet. At length she would calm herself by saying, 'No, I will live more retired. A little circle of

friends, into which he shall be admitted, shall be my relaxation; the world shall be my duty. Are not all his thoughts devoted to me? Does he form any projects which have not me for their object? His whole existence is centered in this house. Well! in this manner the time will glide happily away.'

"Reason calculates and frames designs, which it considers perfect, and resolves not to deviate from them in the slightest degree; but it forgets something, which deranges, destroys, and governs every thing—the passions; the diseases of the soul, which, like those of the body, put all mankind upon a level; and which occasion complaints, and tears, in the most splendid mansions, as well as in the humblest cottages; and all the calculations of reason can neither foresee nor avoid them.

"Julie, without manifesting any desire so to do, encouraged Meissner's society. Ernst

remained firm in the resolution which reason and pride had dictated to him; he felt deeply, but he was calm. Seeing no hope of happiness in his love for Julie, and conscious that by submitting to her caprices, her indifference would degenerate into contempt, he determined to conceal from her his love, and endeavour to overcome it. He would have removed himself from her presence; but there are certain concessions between the heart and reason, which unaccountably take place, even when the sagest resolves are decided upon. Ernst was not more free in this respect than Julie. He remained. Often would he say to himself, after spending an evening at the countess's mansion, 'How gentle and good is this poor Leonore! How deeply does she sympathize with the unfortunate! Why could she not render a life happy? In proportion as my affection for the haughty Julie is weakened, I feel a greater

interest in Leonore. Yes, let me entrust my happiness to her. What signifies fortune? What I already possess would keep us in a respectable sphere of life, and would be opulence to Leonore. She will love me!——to be loved!—when I have only met with indifference from her I have so much adored!'

"Ernst would then pause; for he fancied that Julie's looks expressed something beyond indifference: he bethought himself of words which had escaped from her lips, and from which she would endeavour to divert his attention by laughing them off. He remembered that he had detected her eyes wandering towards him, when she imagined she was not observed; and he called to mind her blushes and confusion when he entered her apartment;—and Ernst, who for two years had directed his thoughts to one sole object, felt his heart beat violently: his projects and ideas

became confused and wavering; he was compelled to call his pride to his aid, against the woman who blushed at loving him; and it was with great difficulty that he mastered his feelings sufficiently to appear without emotion in her presence.

"The countess had remarked the calmness of his demeanour, and was not wrong in her conjectures as to the cause. The pride which governed his conduct pleased her. What woman is not better pleased with the man that she loves, for showing her another virtue to admire in him? But what woman, also, does not think, that every thing ought to yield to the love which she inspires? Julie was at first amazed, and then irritated, at the resistance which the pride of Ernst offered to her will. She vainly manifested a warmer interest for him; vainly did she allow those words to escape her, which a man knows so well how to

avail himself of, to disclose a feeling which he hesitates to express: she sought, without success, in the eyes of Meissner for that expression of love with which they had beamed for the last two years. He was unmoved!

"Julie was buried in reflections on this subject, when Madame Herder was announced. For some time, her dear Röschen had been absolutely insupportable to the countess; but as she could find no real cause for this change in her sentiments, they still remained on the same footing of friendship. Madame Herder felt that want of change and constant excitement, which is natural to people of narrow understanding. She had come to entreat her friend to go on a party of pleasure, which had long been talked of, and which the countess had forgotten: but when she stated that Meissner had been invited, that he had accompanied her on her present visit, and that he had gone

for Leonore, who was in the garden, the countess agreed to her proposal.

" It was one of the early days of spring: the leaves were just beginning to bud forth; the sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky; every thing indicated a lovely day.

" After some further chit-chat with the countess, Madame Herder approached the window.

" ' Come and look,' said she to the countess, with a roguish smile; ' look at these children!'

" The countess drew nigh the window. At the extremity of the garden, she observed Leonore resting upon the arm of Meissner, with that graceful confidence and affection which a female testifies when near him she loves.

" ' She ought to be happy,' said Madame Herder.

" ' Happy!—Who?' exclaimed Julie: for

she had forgotten the meaning her friend had attached to some expressions which she had let fall; and her surprise was extreme.

"'So fortunate a marriage for her! And so handsome a lover!—See, Julie; how graceful he is, how well made! And is not Leonore pretty? It is incredible how much she has improved since she has been with you! Can you not discern a grace in every movement? Now that I know her thoroughly, I can well conceive that he should be attached to her.'

"Julie was thunderstruck. Jealousy had assailed her bosom, and brought with it the chill of death. 'He!—love her!' thought she; 'no,—it is not possible!——to change so quickly——oh, no!' And fear, hope, disdain, and love, by turns swayed her mind.

"'It is impossible!' was her first reflection. 'I will see,' was the second. This agitation cast such a cloud over her features, that Ernst

and Leonore, who entered at this moment, were alarmed at their expression. Pride, however, came to her assistance; and calming her emotion, smiles again irradiated her countenance, and she made preparations for the excursion.

"Julie, the idol to which every one paid homage, accustomed to see all who surrounded her bow to her will, could not long endure an humble rival. A thousand contradictory thoughts agitated her mind throughout the day: she was constrained to plead a violent head-ache, as an excuse for her silence, and apparent indisposition; and this day of pleasure was the longest and most painful which she had yet passed.

"Meissner, charmed with the innocent discourse of Leonore, breathed not a syllable of love to her; but she, treasuring up the hints which Madame Herder had let fall, imagined

that she observed a proof of his tenderness in his slightest actions. The sensibility, which misfortune had hitherto restrained, now thrilled through her heart, which was intoxicated with the excess of her love. She had been told that he returned her affection, that the countess approved of its object, that her mother would joyfully consent; she lived but by this love.

"The whole party returned to the countess's mansion; and shortly took their leave, on account of her indisposition. She appeared so pale, on alighting from her carriage, that Ernst was much concerned for her. He had withdrawn with the rest; but his uneasiness caused him to return.

"Julie had pettishly rejected the services of Leonore, who had retired to her apartment, and left her mistress alone. At liberty now to indulge in her reflections, Julie experienced, for the first time, the bitterest pangs of grief:

she shed tears in abundance; but she could not yet define what she regretted or what she desired. In the midst of her grief, Herr Meissner was announced. Her tears ceased to flow; a triumphant smile now lighted up her features; she wondered at the vexation she had felt, and she thought within herself, 'I knew that it was impossible.'

"Ernst entered. During the two years that he had loved Julie, he had so closely studied her disposition, that he could almost read her inmost thoughts. A glance detected her agitation, her anger, and her joy. Again to submit to the caprices of a haughty woman, who trifled with his affections, and whose vanity repressed her natural sentiments, appeared to him beneath a man who considered himself superior in every respect to the other acquaintances of the countess, whom she appeared to prefer to him, or rather, whose prejudices she

shared so far as to sacrifice her affections to their aristocratic notions. It was, therefore, merely with polite solicitude that he inquired after her health: he apologised for his return on this account, and was preparing to withdraw, when she requested him to stay.

"The conversation, however, soon began to languish: every subject that could be devised was touched upon, but each seemed reserved and embarrassed. Both endeavoured to conceal the thoughts which constantly recurred to their minds; and all the efforts of Julie could not lead Ernst to the only topic that interested her, at the same time that she strove to conceal the importance which she attached to it. For the first time, he replied with apparent insensibility to words which formerly had drawn forth so many protestations of love and devotion.

"Ill-humour followed surprise; and through

pure vexation Julie began to weep. Nothing had ever resisted her will; and now she, who was adored by all, saw before her the only man she had loved, cold and indifferent. There existed a will which did not bow to hers at the first signal; which complied not with her most eager wishes, which would not submit to her authority! Ernst was no longer the inferior with whom she was wont to trifle; he was more than her equal—he was her superior!

"'Ah!' exclaimed Julie, no longer able to repress her feelings, 'who shall trust to love! who confide in its deceitful protestations! when sentiments, which the false lips swear are to last for ever, are the very next breath the prey of inconstancy. Unfortunate, indeed, is she who repays such base coin with the sterling mint of the heart.'

"'But,' resumed Ernst, as calmly as the

countess was warm, 'you must confess that woman too often sees in the most complete devotion, and even in the sacrifice of a whole life, but a trifling offering at the altar of her vanity. She is all in all to us, and we serve only as the play-thing of her leisure, to be laid aside when it suits her convenience, without the poor pity of a sigh. Credulous is he who trusts to woman; and doubly miserable he who grants a heart where there is no hope of return.'

"'Speak not so,' replied Julie: 'if our pride revolts against the recognition of a master, our feelings at length get the better, and love——'

"'Love!' ejaculated Meissner: 'If it did exist, if it did reign supreme in a female heart, could she appear absorbed by other thoughts, to the exclusion of its dictates? Where love exists, it is in a soul impervious to vanity, un-

swayed by pleasure, and which, proud of its object, knows no dearer satisfaction than his smile, no brighter conquest than his glory.'

" ' Love is always thus,' half-breathed Julie.

" ' No,' replied Ernst, in a decided tone; ' I have seen a woman, loved as never woman was before, and certain of illimitable devotion, take a pleasure in repulsing that love—which she partook.'

" ' Ah!' exclaimed the countess, with inexpressible surprise; for these words had taught her that Ernst knew himself beloved, and yet he uttered them without any manifestation of either pride or joy.

" ' Yes,' he continued, ' she took delight in turning into worse than scorpion's stings those very sentiments her smiles had called into existence.'

" ' No, no,' interrupted the countess.

" Meissner appeared not to hear her, and

continued—'At length, through respect both for her, and himself, he resolved no longer to expose himself to a wantonness of caprice, which dishonoured, nay, degraded, both; and, burying for ever within the sanctuary of his own breast his grief, and his love, he condemned himself to a silence which he is resolved never to break.'

"'Say, rather, that his inconstant heart carried him to lay at the feet of another that love—'

"'Never!'

"'That touched by sentiments he deemed more tender—'

"'He neither sought, nor found, any other —friendship perhaps—'

"'Speak you the truth! Repeat, repeat it, Ernst: say that your love is still hers.'

"The countess was deeply agitated. Her very soul seemed to be transfused into her large, dark eyes, which swam with tears. She

had seized Meissner's hand, and seemed to hang on his answer for life or death. He hesitated—but there was so little hope, and so much resignation in the words she wrung from him, that it was scarcely breaking his resolution, to say as he did :—

"'Yes! it is still hers.'

"Then all her vanity, and all the scruples imposed by the world, at once vanished, and the countess was lost in the woman—the young, the loving, and devoted woman. Love had conquered, and she was solely his. She looked at him; and in that look he saw depicted as plainly as she felt, the emotions that thrilled her inmost being. If Julie yet perceived any uncertainty in his countenance, this hesitation only proved to her the excess of joy she could bestow upon him. Yielding to the full tide of passion, she twined her arms about his neck, exclaiming :—

"'Ernst, I love you. My heart, my hand, my fortune, are all yours.'

"The next day Julie rose early, and as she was about to ring the bell for her carriage, Leonore entered the room. Since the preceding evening, not a thought of her had crossed the countess's mind.

"'Leonore,' she said, 'I have a number of visits to pay this morning, and shall be altogether much taken up by business for a week or more. In about ten days I leave town for my country-seat at G——, and as I shall there marry Herr Meissner, you will be at liberty to return to your mother. I will give you any recommendation you may desire, should it be your wish to take another situation, and will speak to my friends about you.'

"An hour after this short conference, Madame Gellert, who was sitting at work in her lonely apartment, heard an unequal and hur-

ried footstep on the stair. The door suddenly opened; and Leonore, pale, with wandering eyes, and haggard countenance, tottered into the room, and fell senseless at her mother's feet. When the care of the anxious mother had recalled her to her senses, a burning fever had already seized the agitated girl. Madame Gellert knelt, weeping silently, by the bed on which she had placed her, and heard her heart-broken child utter the secret which she had already divined:—

"'It is she whom he loved, and they are to be married.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

" She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies ;
And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellowed to that tender light,
Which heaven to gaudy day denies,
She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies." BYRON.

HOWARD found many more impediments to the accomplishment of his wishes, than he had at first imagined. The Church made numerous objections, and presented continual obstacles, because Therese was already considered

a child of the church, and had no relations to claim her. Count W——, though almost entirely absorbed in the pursuit of his own mistress, made every effort to surmount these obstacles to his friend's happiness; but in vain.

Perhaps man would be wise, if he should renounce even a favourite and paramount wish, when difficulties present themselves to prevent its attainment. They would appear to be a forewarning not to tempt fate; and rarely do points carried in defiance of them prove prosperous.

Those schemes or fancies, on the contrary, which march straight forward, are almost always sure to turn out happily. It is true, that Shakspeare, that profound master of the human heart, declares that, "the course of true love never does run smooth." Howard had no other comfort or resource to preserve pa-

tience under these annoyances, than in his assiduous attendance at St. Etienne's church.

The abbess had forbidden his visits to the convent; but in the church he could hear his lovely Therese, although he could not see her; and could ascertain that she felt in unison with him, by the tone of her voice, which had acquired of late something indescribably touching, that added to its fascination in Howard's ear. Perhaps a less interested judge would have pronounced that her voice had lost some of its firmness; that a slight nervous agitation had injured its full powers; yet was there more of passion, more of ecstacy. She sang as though she felt her lover was near her; and he enjoyed and revelled in the same luxury of feeling.

Count W—— had repaired to the convent the morning subsequent to the tournament, and had closely questioned his sister respecting

her friend, to whom he felt certain she had communicated Therese's history. The candid answers of the young girl, however, entirely destroyed all doubts in his mind. and proved to him, that it was not in the convent his incognita had acquired her information; and the count still remained entirely in the dark as to his mysterious tormentor. She seemed, he thought, to be much annoyed at Howard's intimacy with him; whether from fear of detection, or simple jealousy of any one's occupying him except herself, did not appear; but that she earnestly desired to break off their friendship, was at length apparent, by her devising a scheme, which effectually divided them for a short period.

She must have been a constant attendant at St. Etienne's church, and thus acquired a knowledge of Howard's passion by observation,

and by combining various trifling circumstances together; and on this she grounded her plan for separating the two friends, in which she succeeded; and by so doing was the unconscious means of bringing to light one of those tragical, and mysterious histories, which happen in real life, and which imagination could hardly have invented.

The night following that on which the tournament had been held, was fixed for one of the Ridouten salle balls—the scene of all her triumphs. As usual, she was there; and as usual, Count W—— in strict attendance. She took an opportunity of alluding to Howard and his love, and to the measures he was taking to put an end to the difficulties, which occurred to the attainment of his wishes; all which seemed to be trouble taken in vain. "Whereas," she said, "if he could hear of the existence of her

parents, every thing could be settled at once. Why does he not go to Graetz? There he could learn all he is desirous of knowing."

"Indeed!" replied the fascinated count.

"Even so," she said, laughing.

It did not once occur to him that she was trifling with him, and he communicated the intelligence to Howard, who seized it with joy.

The interdict which the abbess had passed on his visits to Therese, rendered his absence from Vienna much less annoying than it would otherwise have been; and he set off immediately for Graetz, requesting his friend at the same time not to relax in his efforts to surmount the seeming unwillingness of the church to relinquish one of its lambs from the fold.

Graetz, a provincial town, is three days' easy journey from Vienna; and many Austrian families of consideration reside there. Howard, on his arrival, was struck with an appear-

ance of cleanliness, and neatness, to which his eyes had not been accustomed at Vienna; but on account of the extraordinary event of the congress, the town was almost deserted. He drove to a handsome hotel, to which he had been recommended, intending to stay in the town merely as long as was necessary to make the discovery he so earnestly wished of Therese's parents; or to be satisfied that the research was fruitless. He had no clue to guide him, further than the vague assertion of the incognita, and his own description of the person and name of his affianced.

The aubergiste presented him a book, requiring him to insert his name in it, according to the orders of the police; and Howard examined the names registered there, in hopes of finding some one known to him, either personally, or by report, to assist him in his research.

"Where is the English traveller, whom I

see mentioned here," he said, addressing the landlord, "is he a resident here? Has he been long in this part of the country?"

"He has been here these five years," replied his host; but the poor gentleman does not gain ground, and I doubt his remaining much longer in the town. He lodges in this hotel."

"Is he then ill, or unhappy?" inquired Howard, in reply to the remark of the landlord, which was uttered with a degree of feeling.

"Both," said the landlord; "but I cannot inform you of the cause of his sorrow. He lives a solitary life, only quitting his room when called upon to give his advice to a sick friend, for he is a physician."

Howard determined to pay him a visit, on the strength of being a countryman, and caused himself to be announced. He found an elderly man in the stranger to whom he introduced himself, with a benevolent, yet dejected coun-

tenance, and labouring apparently under ill health. He rose, and received him with urbanity.

Howard began offering excuses for his intrusion, which he said he should not have ventured, had he not been informed that he was a countryman, and furthermore, one who was unwell, and might not be sorry to receive a sympathizing stranger.

Dr. —— shook his head, and replied, that far from his visit being an intrusion, he might assure himself it was an event which gave him pleasure.

"I have been long an invalid," he continued, "and have resided some years on the continent, without meeting a countryman, or hearing the language. The sound of your voice recalls home to my recollection, with the pleasing accompaniments of candour and truth. Would to God I had never quitted my coun-

try! I should have been spared all the sorrow which I have experienced, and which has reduced me to the state you witness."

The doctor seemed much agitated, and Howard spoke to relieve him.

"We may perhaps be of mutual service to each other. My happiness depends upon a discovery which I have come here in the hopes of making, and towards which you may have it in your power to assist me, if you are so kindly inclined, since I am informed you have resided here some time; and if in return I can be of any service to you, I shall be most happy to have been conducted hither by a mere chance."

"Alas!" replied Dr. ——, "I must thank you for your kind intentions respecting me, but no human being can be of service to me; regret and remorse must follow me to my

grave." And the stranger's countenance expressed all the anguish he experienced. "Inform me," he added, "how I can be of service to you."

Howard related the object of his search; and Dr. —— reflected some time, ere he replied, "I am afraid you have been misdirected; I do not think the persons you seek reside here. I know almost all the families who inhabit this place; and through my professional position, I am well acquainted with them and their histories; but I do not call to mind any one who can have a daughter at the convent of St. Etienne, in Vienna. However I will, if you please, go with you, to-morrow, to one of the oldest inhabitants. Perhaps he may throw some light on the subject. As for me, I have known Graetz only five years; and would that I never had!"

He motioned an adieu to Howard, who withdrew reluctantly. The stranger's manner and countenance had interested him very much.

He returned, according to the appointment he had made, the following morning, and they proceeded to the habitation of the person they were to consult. Howard was introduced by Dr. —— into a parlour, in which were sitting the whole family of the patriarch who resided there; and there was something in their costume, manner, and appearance, which inspired Howard with reverence and admiration.

The old man was sitting in a high-backed chair, his foot resting on a cushion, and a large-headed cane was by the side of the chair. His snow white locks, parted on the forehead, fell on either shoulder; and his open countenance bespoke sincerity and health. He was clad in a dark brown coat, cut square, and buttoned down the middle with large silver

buttons; and a broad green belt went round his waist, fastened with a large steel buckle.

His dame, as aged as himself, with spectacles on nose, was reading to the family. Two women, no longer young, but comely, grave, and respectful, were working at a table; and a youth of sixteen, the grandson of the old couple, and son of one of the daughters, was standing near the old man, holding the pipe which he had been preparing for him.

The antique furniture, and tapestried walls, were in harmony with the appearance of the party. There was a look of such calm tranquillity in the aged pair, that it appeared as if no storm of passion or sorrow had ever ruffled their brows, but that time had insensibly brought them to old age, without inflicting the penalties of its approach.

On the entrance of the two visiters, the whole party rose, and the old man welcomed

Dr. —— with much warmth, inquiring after his health with great interest. The doctor thanked him languidly, and instead of replying to his inquiries, presented Howard, and stated the object of his visit.

"I thought," he continued, "that if any one could give him the information we seek, it would be yourself; and I know too well the kindness of your nature, to doubt of your obliging me, if it is in your power."

Kaupman replied, that he would willingly assist Howard in his researches, although he much doubted their success. "During the years in which the damsel must have been born," he said, "and long subsequently, I was the person having the charge of registering the travellers who entered and quitted Graetz. Indeed, it is only within five years that I have renounced my employment. I am on intimate terms with my successor; and by exa-

mining his register and mine, I shall be able distinctly to ascertain whether such persons as your friend is seeking resided here. You know," he added, addressing the stranger, "it was on your account that I quitted my charge."

"I know it well," replied Dr. ——, with a sigh.

The women exchanged looks of pity, and endeavoured to turn the conversation into another channel; but Dr. —— listened to them with slight attention, and drawing his chair to a distant part of the room, sank into it, apparently oppressed by his thoughts.

Kaupman and his family were habituated to these moments of abstraction, in which they had by experience found, that the only manner of acting was to let him indulge in them. They therefore directed their attention to Howard; and the old man inquired of him,

if he had known the doctor long, and was acquainted with his history. On his replying in the negative, he recounted to him, although in briefer form, the following strange narrative :—

" Dr. ——, it appeared, had originally come on the continent to recover from the effects of his professional labours, which were too much for his health, and consequently he travelled without acknowledging himself to be a physician, in order to escape those fatigues which he was travelling to avoid. He took up his abode for the summer months at a villa between Vienna and Graetz, and there, for some time, he enjoyed the tranquillity of his situation, and felt that he was quickly regaining health.

" His kind nature could not refuse, when he knew that any of the villagers near his dwelling were unwell, to give them advice;

and it is supposed that the cures he thus performed spread his reputation, and thus ultimately gave rise to the following singular adventure:—

"One day that Dr. —— was walking in the grounds which surrounded his villa, he saw two men advancing towards him, whose appearance and dress announced them to be of a higher order of persons, than those who dwelt in his neighbourhood. They addressed him by name, and stated that knowing him to be an eminent physician, they were come to ask him a favour, which they knew, from his present habits, to be a very great one. They proceeded to state, that a person who was dangerously ill had deputed them to seek him, and to solicit him, by every argument they could address to his humanity, to accompany them, and visit her.

"Dr. —— at first refused; but the two

men pleaded so earnestly, that at length he consented to go with them.

" They then told him, that a carriage was waiting on a road at some short distance across the fields adjoining his grounds. When they had entered the carriage, and driven a little while, his conductors informed Dr. —— that the person he was going to visit was very desirous of preserving the strictest secresy as to her abode, and that there might be no clue, or possibility of discovering it, he must submit to having a bandage placed over his eyes.

" Dr. ——, although reluctantly, found himself obliged to consent to this proposal; he was in the power of the men who accompanied him, and felt that any resistance would be in vain, however extraordinary he began to consider his position to be.

" They drove for some hours at a violent pace; and when the carriage stopped, Dr. ——

could distinguish the opening of gates, and could, by the hollow sound of the horses' feet, discern that the carriage was passing under an archway.

" The steps of the carriage were let down, and the men, assisting Dr. —— to descend, led him on through many rooms; at last he heard a door closed behind him, and his conductors informed him, that he might remove the bandage from his eyes.

" He found himself in an enormous gallery, at the further end of which was a couch, on which lay extended a female.

" The men informed Dr. —— that there was his patient, and they all three approached the couch together. They then stated, before the motionless body, which neither turned, nor gave other signs of existence than breathing, that they had brought him there to declare which was the least painful manner of dying;

that the person before him was to die, and that the desire of her friends was, to render her parting moments as gentle, and free from suffering, as possible.

"Dr. —— indignantly replied, that his profession was meant for the restoration, not the destruction, of life; and sternly asked them whether they took him for a murderer.

"The men observed, that if he supposed any compulsion was used towards the person whose fate now destined her to die, that he was entirely mistaken; and that to prove this, they would withdraw, and leave him alone with her.

"All this time she remained perfectly still, looking at the doctor with a calm eye, which neither denoted terror, suffering, constraint, nor want of intellect.

"The men retired; and Dr. —— instantly addressed the pale victim, imploring her to

tell him if there was any means by which he could save her, assuring her that he would risk his own life willingly, and urging her, with vehemence, to lose no time in replying, as the men might soon return. He addressed her in German, which he spoke fluently;—she looked at him, however, without attempting to make any reply. He then repeated what he had said in French, and afterwards in English, but she maintained the same silence.

"At the expiration of about a quarter of an hour the men returned, and remarked to Dr. ——, that he might now be convinced of what they had told him, and again requested him to answer the question they had put to him, and which they now repeated with emphasis. On his refusal to answer, they told him, that if he persisted in withholding from them the information which they required, he would condemn the young woman before him to die a

severer death, and would also perish himself, as they would take care that he should never quit those walls the possessor of the secret which they had imparted to him; that, on the contrary, his answer would render the last moments of the sufferer less agonizing, and that they would restore him instantly to liberty, as he would be bound to keep a secret in which he would be so materially concerned.

"Finding that no arguments could persuade him, the young woman turned her pallid countenance towards him with an imploring look, which Dr. ——, at the time, interpreted to be a supplication to obey the men. At last, forced by menaces and doubts, he told them that to be bled to death was the gentlest manner of ceasing to exist; on which the young woman instantly extended her arm to him, and the men compelled him to open a vein. He did so——but no blood flowed. They then made

him perform the same operation on her foot, which she equally willingly held towards him. One of the men then brought a pan with warm water, and placing her foot in it, the blood flowed freely.

"The men then told Dr. —— he was free to depart, provided he submitted to the same mode of concealment as on arriving. Too happy to quit such a scene of horror, and in hopes, by making speed, still to be in time to save the wretched victim, he allowed himself again to be blindfolded, and entered the carriage, which drove off at full speed, the two men accompanying him. They brought him back to the same spot where they had found him, and, on quitting the carriage, offered him a casket of diamonds. Dr. —— spurned it from him with indignation, telling them, that if they thought he was a hired murderer, they should learn their error to their cost; that

they had made him a miserable man for the remainder of his life; and that he should always repent not having allowed himself to be murdered, rather than give the advice which they had torn from him.

" He instantly hurried off to Vienna, and promptly discovered the mysterious transaction; but found a coldness and indifference in the authorities to whom he addressed himself, which surprised and disgusted him. No inquiries were made, no efforts to discover where the dreadful deed had been perpetrated; even a degree of anger was manifested at his interference, which led him to suppose that they were not entirely strangers to it! Accordingly, he quitted Vienna, but could not resolve to return to his villa, which now inspired him with horror, because it was thence that he had been forced away, to contribute to the tragical end of the unfortunate victim. The horrid

scene preyed upon his mind, and injured his health, already very indifferent. He selected Graetz for his residence, and after some time became acquainted with, and was esteemed by, the inhabitants. Kaupman in particular sought his society, and by his benevolent kindness succeeded in becoming his chosen friend. He felt sincerely for him; and perceiving that his duties prevented his attending on him as much as his melancholy state required, he renounced the employment which he had held for many years, and devoted himself, with his family, to the care of his unhappy friend."

He concluded the above history by saying, "He has still occasional fits of abstraction, such as you perceive at present. He will probably continue in this state till sun-set; at which period we usually find these melancholy moods terminate. Perhaps your arrival, and intercourse with him, has been the cause of

his attack to-day. When he sinks into the state of despondence you witness, the appealing look of the young woman recurs to him; and then he reproaches himself bitterly with not having otherwise construed it, and resisted her oppressors, though with the loss of life Do not attempt to speak to him," he added, observing that Howard seemed inclined to address him; "we shall take care of him, until he rises of his own accord, and proposes to leave us."

Howard felt that a further intrusion would distress the unhappy man, and withdrew; and Kaupman, as he attended him to the door, repeated his promise respecting the registers.

The following day Kaupman came to him at an early hour, and brought the registers with him. Nothing could be learnt from them, except that no person having a daughter had quitted Graetz for Vienna, nor had any stranger

come to reside there, within the period that such an event could throw any light upon the birth or connections of Therese.

Howard, impatient to return to his Therese, willingly recognized the inutility of prosecuting his researches further, and accordingly set off the same day for Vienna. He called, previously to his departure, to take leave of Dr. ——, but was told that he was too unwell to receive him. As he drove out of the court-yard of the hotel, and turned into the street, he happened to raise his eyes to the window, and then he saw the unhappy man, looking sadder, and more suffering, than he had appeared the preceding day. Howard saluted him, and Dr. —— made a slight sign of acknowledgment; but there was something in his manner which affected Howard strangely, and he felt he had seen him for the last time.—He died, broken-hearted, a short time after.

The dreadful history related by Kaupman occupied Howard's thoughts painfully, as he continued his solitary journey. Sometimes it occurred to him, that perhaps the mystery of Therese's birth was connected with the death of the poor victim; but a little reflection caused him to discard the thought, on account of the difference of the epochs. Then his mind turned towards the difficulties thrown in his way by the church at Vienna; and he tormented himself by conjecturing all the various excuses and fresh impediments he should meet on his arrival. Either Count W—— would not have exerted himself for him, during his absence, or would have met with positive refusal; or he was not sufficiently influential; or the abbess was not sincere; or that——in short, he made up a budget of difficulties which he expected to encounter on arriving; and was perfectly certain that he had foreseen every

combination of circumstance chance could throw in his way; and so, indeed, he had, every one, except the precise one which greeted his arrival.

Frequently will it so occur! We calculate, and foresee, and feel certain, that one or other of the different events we frame to ourselves in our imagination, must arrive; and the identical one which does happen, has not been thought of. So, when Howard arrived at Count W——'s door, instead of being informed that he was out, which he had anticipated among his other agreeable surmises, he was told he was at home; and when he met him, instead of seeing a countenance prepared to give him disappointment, he was surprised and thrilled by the intelligence, that every thing was satisfactorily arranged.

"I find my coquette was laughing at us both," said the count. "The day after your

departure, she acknowledged that she knew nothing about the business, and that she wanted to get you away. I felt myself bound to repair her tricks, and have strained every effort for you, and have at length succeeded. I have been, indeed, more successful for you than for myself, for I am still where you left me."

When day succeeds day without any material difference in our occupations, and without any change of residence, time passes rapidly on, and a week wheels round its little circle almost unobserved; whereas a journey of only eight days, and the difference of scenes presented during that time to those we are in the habit of witnessing, remove the events of the preceding week to so great a distance, that time has lengthened considerably in our imagination beyond the reality. Thus, Howard felt as if great changes must have occurred during his absence, and was even astonished that the car-

nival, and its routine of amusements, should be still going on; that the same interest should still engross society, which had absorbed it when he had left; and that people could occupy themselves with the same trifles without satiety. In short, he felt as though he had got into the second volume of a novel, according to the title-page, and found the contents were still the same as those of the first.

The happy day at length arrived, when Howard was to call the beautiful Therese his bride. The happy, yet the nervous, and eventful day! In one short hour, man, and still more, woman, adventures a whole life of happiness or misery. It is staking deeply; it is counting on their own powers of judgment, discernment, and calculation. It is counting on the durability of affection; on conformity of tempers and tastes; on sincerity, fidelity, and honour: it is counting on so much, that it is marvellous

there do not exist greater numbers of timorous bachelors and old maids.

Among the new sects that spring up in revolutionized countries, (and heaven only knows the variety that do spring up), is one, which supposes marriage would be a happier state, were the lease of union made out for a shorter date, than the whole of the remainder of the lives of the persons contracting it. Thus, that marriages should be entered upon for seven years, and renewable at the expiration of that period, or dissolved, according to the wishes of either party; and in the latter case, the parties should be free to contract other marriages *(h)*.

Others, of a still more inconstant disposition, propose three years as the term of the lease; and these short-sighted mortals do not look beyond the first years of matrimonial existence. What would become of those who are past the

age of beauty and attraction? What would become of the offspring of such unions, deprived of their natural protectors? The lot of woman would be indeed wretched under such laws! They are happy, they are blessed, who, being united in bonds of affection, and having dispositions and tastes in harmony, live on together to old age, each the other's truest friend; each sharing with equal warmth, or rather, blending in one, their interests, joys, and griefs!

It was with a fluttering heart, that the lovely Therese, attired in her bridal dress, came to ask the abbess of St. Etienne for her benediction, ere she withdrew from her kind protection, and peaceful home, to rush into a world unknown to her. The white muslin veil was now exchanged for one of costlier materials. The black camlet gown had made way for one of magnificent lace over white satin, the gift of

Howard, besides a splendid trousseau and jewels. The silver cross was replaced by one of rubies; and where the white cambric band had been destined to bind her fair brows, a wreath of orange flowers mixed with her dark and richly curling ringlets.

Howard gazed with ecstacy on her innocent and beautiful countenance; and when the abbess, on parting with her, reminded him with tremulous voice, that he was bound for aye to be a kind protector and friend to her, it was with sincerity that he gave the fervent promise, to cherish her as his heart's best blood. As Therese had no relations, Count W—— obtained permission from the abbess for his sister to attend her to the altar; and since Howard wished to avoid all unnecessary parade, none but the witnesses strictly necessary were present.

The ceremony was ended! The priest had

given his parting blessing, and Howard whispered to the blushing Therese as they quitted the altar, and proceeded down the middle aisle of the church of St. Etienne, that it was in that holy sanctuary, and behind the green curtain facing them, that the sounds had issued, which had so fascinated his soul, and decided his fate for the remainder of his life.

"I still hear that voice; the ecstacy I then experienced has never quitted me. Oh, think how it is increased, now that the syren is my own wife, my own lovely Therese!"

Good heavens! with what different feelings do the betrothed proceed to receive the nuptial benediction; when cupidity and interest devoid of attachment bring them there; when political arrangements command the union of a couple utterly indifferent to each other *(i)*; when the heart mourns an object beloved and lost, and seeks and hopes consolation in a second choice;

when old age and youth form the incongruous link in the marriage chain; when vice and loathsome sickliness are allied to innocence and beauty! Would that the words of the poet were more frequently verified:—

"Il est de certains nœuds dont le secret pouvoir,
Attache un cœur a l'autre avant que de se voir.
Il est des nœuds secrets, il est des sympathies,
Dont par les doux rapports les ames assorties
S'attachent l'un à l'autre, et se laissent piquer,
Par un je ne sçais quoi qu'on ne peut expliquer."

And again:—

"C'est pour certains objets que nos ames sont nées:
Le ciel le veut! Tout céde à ses decréts vainqueurs.
Ainsi la sympathie unit nos destinées,
Et sans raisonnement determine nos cœurs."

CHAPTER IX.

" To horse, to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye one and all!

The carnival was now drawing to a close; already could the votaries of dance, and dissipation, count the remaining number of fêtes, ere all would be at an end, and extreme dullness succeed to such gaiety as Vienna seldom had witnessed.

The Germans in general are very pious; and the Austrians, perhaps, quite as much so as other parts of that vast empire. The Empress of Austria, indeed, set an example of modest piety and devotion, which led the higher classes, more likely by dissipation to be drawn from their religious duties, to follow so noble a model; and the moment the carnival would be at an end, the severest austerity, it was well known, would succeed to all the festivities enjoyed by the young and gay.

In proportion, therefore, as the moment for the cessation of the fêtes approached, so did they look with the greater avidity to the few remaining ones to be enjoyed.

Prince Metternich at this crisis announced a fancy ball, to be given at one of his palaces, a short distance from Vienna, the same which Howard had seen illuminated the evening of his arrival. Nothing was talked of but this

ball; it was to be the gayest and most brilliant yet given during the congress. It was a ball to celebrate the peace, and in honour of all those who had contributed to procure it. The ladies were to be attired in white, ornamented with laurel leaves,—laurel garlands were to bind their brows; and the gentlemen were to wear their respective uniforms. The palace also was to be decorated with wreaths and crowns of laurel hanging around the walls, encircling the pillars and columns, surrounding the branches which held innumerable quantities of wax-lights, and suspended from the lustres, and connecting them one with another.

The effect was indeed most beautiful: the simplicity of the women's dresses (the princesses even were attired like the rest) was more advantageous to the young and handsome than all the splendour of jewels and rich array

could have been; and those less gifted by nature derived an equivalent advantage, their dress drawing less attention than the non-uniformity which would otherwise have existed between beautiful colours, and fashions, with the deficiency of beauty in their wearers.

The richness of the uniforms worn by the gentlemen imparted an agreeable relief to the scene, and enhanced still more the graceful simplicity of the costume adopted by the ladies. It was the first of the fêtes given in Vienna, to which Howard repaired with expectation of real pleasure. His lovely bride was to accompany him, and he anticipated with delight the naive astonishment, and amusement, she would experience.

As early as six o'clock, all the streets conducting to the gates of Vienna were crowded with carriages hurrying on to the scene of pleasure, it being the etiquette for all the

society invited, to be assembled previous to the arrival of the sovereigns. Howard was too proud of his lovely wife not to be early on the splendid scene; and whether it was that it did surpass all the others he had seen in magnificence, or whether that he saw it through the medium of his own bright fancy, become brighter from excess of happiness, and that he enjoyed the surprise and ecstacy of Therese, to whom the novelty of the scene, so different from all which she had been accustomed to witness, was enchanting; certain it is, that he enjoyed it as much as his blushing partner.

For the same reason that the carnival was drawing to a close, the congress was also coming to an end. The conclusion of the carnival had been designated as the term at which all the negotiations, and arrangements, for the settlement of Europe, and satisfaction of the pretensions and ambitions of all parties, were

to be finally concluded: and it was worthy the attention of an observer, having neither interest, wish, nor ambition, to gratify, to remark the working of the countenance of those principally interested in these arrangements. In the midst of a waltz, or polonaise, might be seen some sovereign, not entirely satisfied with the decision of the morning, waylaying the parties who had opposed him in the discussion of that day; and manœuvres of various sorts employed, to win by *fair* means what argument, or right, could not otherwise obtain. Not the least entertaining part of the drama to such a spectator was, to observe the ministers so attacked prepare for resistance to the dangerous trial, when they had to resist the pleading eloquence of sun-bright eyes, fixed beseechingly upon them, Delilah-like, for the sake of a more favoured, though less apparent admirer; or with courtesy receiving gracious

compliments and flattery, without allowing their judgment to be biassed; or being influenced to depart one iota from their decisions, or sacrifice the interests of their countries to any consideration. Thus, when Lord Castlereagh entered the ball-room, more than one great potentate was standing close to the door, apparently occupied in conversation with some obsequious courtier, while the anxious eye was watching the approach of that minister, to say some short but most important phrase, before he should have spoken with others, equally interested, in the circle.

The wily Cardinal Gonzalvi might be remarked smiling graciously, and bowing silently, with his eyes firmly fixed on the lid of his snuff-box, in reply to pithy and important observations addressed to him, so that the expression of his countenance was entirely illegible to his interlocutor, and that the tap on

the box, either firmly given, or doubtingly, might be interpreted—" even so," or " certainly," or " perhaps," or—any thing,—as nothing decided escaped his lips.

A scrutinizer of the animated, eager *aparté* of the Prince Metternich, with a blue-eyed, fair princess, might be disposed to question whether as much love and ardour were really felt as were apparent; or whether the moment had not been selected, to avoid any attack from the grave and tenacious-looking politician who was standing near, waiting for an opportunity to express some opinion, or prefer some request, which it was firmly decided should not be heard.

The faithful swain, also, whose devotion had lasted the winter through, now anxiously looked for the recompense due to such unparalleled constancy. Now sentiment lent charms to coquetry, and the variety of feelings which

engrossed the numerous assembly gave an animation and interest to it, which augmented its attractions; and the cry was universal, that it was a pity so amusing, so interesting, so gay, so great a carnival should ever end.

Count W—— did not echo these regrets. He was ennuyé while others were amused: his incognita, for reasons she would not explain until the period she had fixed, did not assist at the court fêtes, and, in consequence, he rarely staid long at them. He was, in fact, in that unhappy state described by the poet:—

" Passer ses jours à désirer,
Sans trop savoir ce qu'on désire;
Au même instant rire et pleurer,
Sans raison de pleurer, et sans raison de rire,
Redouter le matin, et le soir souhaiter,
D'avoir toujours droit de se plaindre;
Craindre quand on doit se flatter,
Et se flatter quand on doit craindre;
Adorer, haïr, son tourment;

A la fois s'effrayer, se jouer des entraves;
Glisser legérement sur les affaires graves,
Pour traiter un rien gravement;
Se montrer tour à tour dissimulé, sincere,
Timide, audacieux, credule, mefiant;
Trembler en tout sacrifiant,
De n'en point encore assez faire;
Soupçonner les amis qu'on devroit estimer;
Etre le jour, la nuit, en guerre avec soi même;
Voila ce qu'on se plaint de sentir quand on aime;
Et de ne plus sentir quand on cesse d'aimer."

DUFRESNOY.

This fête, magnificent as it was, was destined to be effaced from the thoughts of the busy crowd by succeeding triumphs, and tumultuous preparation was made for a fête announced by the Empress, which was to combine amusements calculated to please every taste. It was to begin with romances, which were to have verisimilitude imparted to them by scenic effects. A "comédie de societé" was to follow, in which the beautiful Countess E. de

P—— was to act (la fausse Agnese). Tableaux were to succeed; and the evening was to conclude with a ball. Such a variety of amusements required a proportionate variety of dresses; and there was hardly a man or woman in Vienna who for the last eight days was not continually either purchasing, or devising, some novelty in dress. It was impossible to go any where without hearing some expression of ecstacy at a colour chosen, or a dress invented: the sounds haunted the ears of—"How beautiful!" "Where did you find this?" "Have you been to such a magazine?" "I shall choose blue;" "I must have pink." The work-men and women toiled day and night. The apartments of the palace also were in a state of confusion, as frames of enormous size were to be constructed, to surround the tableaux vivans, some of which were to contain numbers of persons. The theatre of the palace

resounded with the clamorous tongues of poets, and of actors, repeating their parts: in short, Vienna, generally so grave, so steady, so calm, seemed to have gone mad.

At length the day arrived. The gates of the palace were to be opened at six o'clock; and at that hour the persons invited began to assemble, in such rooms as were not destined to be employed for the tableaux, the romances, and comédie, the supper rooms, or dancing rooms. A suite of rooms, therefore, was thrown open for their reception adjoining the Empress's private apartments, which had large folding-doors opening into them, but which were to remain closed until all the company should be assembled. But when all had arrived who were to grace the fête, and the presence of the sovereigns was anxiously expected, a long and surprising pause ensued. The folding-doors through which the sove-

reigns were to pass continued closed. Quarter of an hour succeeded quarter, till the guests began to look astonished at each other, and from thence to remark who were still absent.

The Prince de Talleyrand had not arrived, nor the Countess E. de P——; but it was recollected, that as she was to be one of the actors, she was probably attiring for that purpose; and the Prince might have a conference with some minister previously to coming. But still, the Duke of Wellington was absent; and "though last not least," the Prince Metternich!

By degrees, a whisper circulated in the room; important news had arrived, it was not known of what nature, but the ministers had been summoned to the palace. A few stragglers next dropped in, one by one, and soon the assembly bore a remarkable appearance. Forming themselves in groups, according to

their several nations, here might be observed the Marshal Schwartzenberg, surrounded by all the Austrian officers, with stern looks and whispered phrases; there the Marshal Wrede, round whom the Bavarians gathered together. In another quarter the Prussians were assembled, with dark, inquiring countenances; and with louring front and muttered threat, the fair-haired Russians. The statesmen might be noted standing aloof, or communicating with each other, with sorrowful and foreboding look.

By degrees the whisper circulated—the enigma was explained: the curse of Europe, the destroyer of peace, the vanquished hydra, had again raised his head,—Napoleon had quitted Elba, and disembarked on the French coast, and was on his march towards Paris(*k*), his adherents increasing by thousands as he advanced. This news, just arrived, had fallen as a thunderbolt upon the congress. All the

combinations formed at such an expense of thought, and anxiety of mind, were to be overthrown; the peace so hailed, so rejoiced at, was to be at an end!

The sovereigns and ministers all assembled; two hours were passed in solemn consultation; and the following morning was appointed for decisions to be made as to the line of conduct to be pursued on this important event. The warriors, whom their profession was likely to call into action, hailed the news. Not so the peaceful, and the tenderer sex; and fearful anticipations already clouded the fair brow of many assembled that night.

But the folding-doors are thrown open, and the Empress of Austria enters, with the Emperor of Russia. The King of Prussia follows, with the Empress Elizabeth, and then all the royal guests; and at the same moment, by another door, the Duke of Wellington, and

the various ministers. But once the ceremony of salutation was over, the consultations recommenced, whilst anxious countenances told how deeply the news interested all present. The Prince Eugene Beauharnois was not amongst the least of the anxious, and painfully surprised. The news had come upon him as unexpectedly as upon the rest; but his connection with Napoleon rendered him immediately an object of suspicion to most of the sovereigns. He was supposed to have known of Napoleon's intentions, suspected of having been in correspondence with him, considered in the light of a traitor: and jealous, scrutinizing eyes followed him in every direction.

It was curious to observe the weight and importance of England, when a crisis called forth demonstrations of the fact. Hardly had the Empress of Austria entered the room, than she quitted the Emperor Alexander's arm, and

calling the Duke of Wellington aside, spoke to him with extreme earnestness. The Russian autocrat waited not the conclusion of her speech, to draw the English hero to his side, holding him by the button of his coat, lest he should escape from him; and the King of Prussia was pressing forward and calling out, "à moi, Duc de Wellington." By degrees, the crowd gathered round him, while he, with an open countenance, replied cheerfully, "tant mieux, tant mieux."

The fête, however, must proceed; the numbers of persons assembled could not be dismissed in a moment, and orders were given to commence. But fresh impediments occurred. News was brought, that the Countess E. de P—— was taken ill, and could not act. The Prince de T—— was also obliged to excuse himself; and although no sympathy was excited for an illness *de commande*, which left the

wary and suspicious, the right of conjecturing what these parties might think of the event which had occasioned their absence; still, regret was experienced at not witnessing the talents of the highly gifted countess. There was, however, no remedy for the disappointment, and the empress invited the company to pass into the theatre, where the "romances" were to be sung and acted. The curtain, which was not drawn up till all were seated, displayed the following inscription :—

LES GRANDS JOURS DU CHATEAU DE * * *
ET
SCENES DE TROUBADOURS,
en l'an 1148.
SPECTACLE EN UN ACTE.
Dedié à sa Majesté, l'Impératrice Elizabeth.
Representé, pour la première fois, à Vienne, le Lundi 27 Fev., 1815.

The curtain rose, and displayed the capitol of Rome in its ancient splendour; without the walls of the town, Belisarius advanced, con-

ducted by his young son. He was attired in the flowing mantle of the time, with a tunic falling to the knees, and fastened round the waist by a belt. The caliga, or common shoe of the Roman soldier, protected his feet, and his leg was bare to the knee. His white locks streamed in the wind; and his sightless eye-balls were raised on high, as, with extended hand, he begged for alms. He sang the romance of Belisarius.

The scene changed; and the audience were transported into the plains of Lombardy. A troubadour, his harp resting on his shoulder, his sword by his side, and an embroidered scarf crossing his breast, sandalled feet, and hat with plumes, was met by a fair pilgrim, with staff in hand, and large-brimmed hat covering her brow. They sang in alternate couplets their love, and faithfulness. In the back ground was a lone chapelle, whither they re-

paired, and an anchorite gave them the nuptial benediction.

Again the scene changed. Then appeared the Cid, clad in bright armour; his helmet crowned with waving plumes, and spear in hand. On a rock, tuning his lyre, sat the bard, who sang while the Cid replied. This romance gave place to the "Sentinelle," a moonlight scene.

Before a tent, reclining on his lance, stood the "Sentinelle," his thoughts and eyes turned towards his country, whilst he sang "L'astre des nuits"*(l)*.

The *apropos* of this romance, which had not been premeditated, for it had been selected and studied, long before the news had arrived of the great event, which was about to overthrow the peace of Europe, struck every body, and painfully affected some of the audience.

Several other romances succeeded*(m)*. Each

was represented with appropriate scenery, according to the subject of the romance; and the dresses of the actors were taken from the best authorities. The whole was very perfect in its execution. The actors who sang, were distinguished for the excellence of their voices, and their knowledge of music; and the romances had a very pleasing effect.

The curtain fell; and a pause of a few minutes ensued, during which, the different persons who found themselves seated by each other, conversed in low whispers, and communicated to one another their awful forebodings.

Soon, however, at a given signal, the lustres in the apartment were raised gently higher and higher, until they were so far removed from their habitual station, as to reflect a very faint light; and at the same moment, while the softest music was executed, and silence reigned in the numerous assembly, the curtain

rose slowly before them, and the whole extent of one side of an immense room displayed large picture frames, containing the most perfect imitations of pictures of the first masters; and in their imitation more perfect than the originals, inasmuch as no defect of colouring, proportion, or shade, was possible, where the groups were formed of living, although motionless, persons. The lights, disposed with consummate judgment, by a great artist (Isaby) then at Vienna, increased the perfection of the representation. In the centre of the wall were two frames, one placed above the other; each frame might be from twenty to thirty feet wide, and lofty in proportion; while at the four corners were four other frames of less dimensions. One of the large frames contained a representation of "Darius's tent," that beautiful picture of Lebrun's. Darius is depicted surrounded by his generals; he is unclasping his armour

after a battle in which he has been victorious; all around are scattered trophies of his success. The group was composed of fifteen persons; and the handsomest men in Vienna were selected to appear in this tableau.

The other large frame contained the representation of the "Douze Causeuses," by Poussin. Twelve of the most beautiful women, grouped, and working at their needle, formed this tableau. The attitudes were so graceful, the dresses so varied and beautiful, the whole effect so remarkable, that notwithstanding the silence which etiquette required, a hum of applause, increasing by degrees, became at length a general exclamation.

In one of the corner frames, was the "Madonna della Sedia," of Raphael. The lady, (Comtesse Julie Zichi), chosen for this picture, was gifted by nature with the most lovely countenance, and so entirely resembling the Madon-

na of the great artist, that had not Raphael lived some hundred years ago, one might have been led to suppose she had sat for his model; and the little child selected to represent the infant Jesus was as happily chosen.

The frame in the opposite corner contained Herodias' daughter, holding the trencher to receive Goliah's head; the arms raised on high, and supporting the dish, according to the original picture, was a difficult position, but most perfectly executed by one of the lovely visitants to Vienna.

At the two lower corners, were frames containing, one, the Jew's daughter counting the hoards of her father, the other, a portrait by Vandyke.

All were motionless, breathless, as though they had really been the limner's creation; and when two minutes had expired, the curtain descended slowly, while the music conti-

nued playing, and the lustres were also let down, and once more irradiated the apartment.

After suitable intervals, the whole was renewed twice; and then the curtain rose a third time to a new scene of enchantment.

The frames were no longer visible; all had disappeared; and in their places, the immense space thus left vacant, was filled with innumerable persons, representing Olympus. At the furthest end of the scene was a banqueting-table reposing on clouds, at which presided Jupiter(*n*), attended by Ganymede and Hebe; while all around the Olympian king, were placed in various attitudes, and groups, the gods and goddesses of fabulous history. Here, on a cloud, reposed Venus, with a brilliant and most magnificent cestus, worthy of the deity supposed to wear it. There, Juno, in majestic splendour, seemed to sway and command; and near her, Minerva, with her Gorgon shield,

reposed in calm dignity. The Hours, in circle, occupied an expanse of clouds; while the Seasons graced another celestial region. Diana, with her bow and arrows, stood singly, and was remarkable alike for her beauty, grace, and dignity. Mercury seemed in the act of descending from the clouds; and Cupids, placed at various distances, gave full effect to the perspective. The Muses and the Graces formed groups of beauty, meriting the admiration they inspired; and the curtain fell, ere the gaze of the wondering audience had sufficiently enjoyed the uncommon and beautiful scene.

But joy no longer urged the light footstep in the waltz; and consciousness of impending evil hung on the spirits of all present. As the evening advanced, the feeling of sorrow increased; already the fair heart began to mourn the absence, which she knew would speedily follow, of all most dear to her; whilst ambi-

tion waked again to hopes, new conquests, and fresh advantages.

The spirit of the congress had fled; and when the ball was finished, it was announced that the fêtes were at an end.

Count W——, as he withdrew from the palace, grasped Howard's hand significantly; and the two friends gave each other the rendezvous, for a day named in the succeeding week, to escort Therese to witness the procession annually made by the empress to visit the tombs.

The day arrived, on which Howard and the count had agreed to meet; but the morning was far advanced, and Count W—— did not appear; and fearing to be too late for the procession, Howard determined to proceed with Therese to the great square of the palace, thinking that his friend would join him there.

They arrived just in time to witness the procession; the Empress of Austria having that

moment descended the great palace stairs, and joined the numerous court of ladies, who were to attend her, attired in the most splendid dresses. The empress was adorned with all the pomp of royalty; diamonds, in immense profusion, glittered on her head; and her train of crimson velvet was supported by six pages in rich dresses, while she herself held a lighted taper in her hand.

She was immediately followed by the arch-duchesses, each bearing a lighted taper, and dressed with almost equal magnificence; while their trains were also upheld by pages. Then came all the highest nobility of Austria, walking two by two, and bearing tapers.

Howard could not help remarking the strange caprice of fortune, while observing the arch-duchesses pass in the procession. That the elder arch-duchess, Marie Louise, who, a few short months previous, was seated on the

throne of France, and during the absence of Napoleon assembled the senate with all the pomp and dignity of a great sovereign, should now be residing, a simple individual, at Schönbrun, unnoticed, and even not allowed to join the procession in which her sisters appeared, whilst at the very moment, that same capricious fortune was holding her balance over her head, uncertain whether again to place an imperial crown on it, or to crush it for ever,—presented, indeed, ample materials for reflection.

The procession, consisting of several hundreds, and accompanied by all the dignitaries of the church, crossed the great square of the palace, and proceeded to the churches, where masses were said for the dead ; they then descended into the vaults, where solemn services were likewise performed. They thus went from church to church, while the devout, who found themselves in the passage, flung them-

selves on their knees, demanding and receiving benedictions.

As Count W—— had not appeared, Howard resolved to proceed to his house, and ascertain the cause of his absence. The servants directed him to the great cemetery, a league from Vienna, whither Count W—— had resorted daily for some time past. This account was too extraordinary not to dispose Howard to penetrate the mystery; and mounting his horse, he rode in the direction indicated.

The road conducting to this last home of the lords of the creation, is ornamented with cypress-trees of large growth, rich in foliage, and yet of melancholy aspect, well approving their selection for that spot. No passengers frequent the road but those who never return; and the solitude, the silence, and the gloom, affected Howard's spirits as he rode on. When he reached the ground, he fastened his horse

to the gate, and proceeded on foot amid tombs, more or less decorated, according to the riches of the survivors, or the grief of the mourners. He paused, and examined some of these tombs, while thoughts of serious import occupied his mind.

How walk amid the dwellings of the dead, who once have had their ambitions, their sorrows, and their joys, and not reflect? Most that lie there have struggled for things appearing to them of the greatest importance; and a few short hours have reduced their importance to nothing, the persons themselves to dust and oblivion! How enter that record of omnipotent power, and of the feebleness of man, and not feel awe-struck and humble.

There are those in the world who desire ardently the attainment of some favourite scheme, until it preys on their health and spirits, and destroying the enjoyment of exist-

ence, throws a gloom over any advantage they may possess. Let such, instead of nourishing fantastic hopes, and undermining the possession of the richest boon of God—life, repair, in solitary guise, to one of these peopled, yet silent dwellings, and the magnitude of their anxiety may diminish, when they reflect, how soon they will be passed away, and be "the shadows of a dream!"

Howard at length perceived Count W—— in an avenue of cypress, at some distance, and approached him, intending to reproach him with his want of punctuality, but was struck with his paleness, and altered countenance. Count W—— received him with a melancholy smile, and, taking his arm, walked slowly out of the cemetery with him, to the gate, when they mounted, and rode on in silence for some time.

When removed from the vicinity of the

cemetery, Count W—— broke the silence, by telling Howard, that for several days he had passed his time there, being anxious to discover whether he had been the object of some purposed mystery, or whether he had really seen what he should have been disposed to call an optical delusion.

"You may remember," he said, "how much I have been occupied, during all the carnival, by a person whom I could not persuade to unmask, but who captivated me by her conversation and manner. Her voice was the sweetest I ever heard; and there was something so fascinating about her, that I became madly in love with her; but she resisted all entreaty, and constantly declared, that it would not be till the end of the carnival that she should acknowledge herself. As we drew near to that period, she increased in fascination; and I believe I should have gone out of my

mind, if the moment had not been at hand which was to recompense me for all my torments.

" The night of the last fête at court, I met her, by appointment, at one of the public masquerades, when she desired me to enter my carriage, and follow hers. The night was extremely dark, so that once out of the town, I could not discover whither we were going, but drove on for some time, until her carriage stopped, and she alighted, beckoning me to follow. You may easily suppose I did not wait for a second bidding; and by the feeble light which was reflected by the stars, I perceived we were in a burying-ground!

" The spot struck me as singularly chosen; but the fever of expectation and love made me think but slightly on the circumstance. She advanced rapidly into the centre of the ceme-

tery, I following her, and entreating her to speak to me, and presenting to her the ring which she had given me at one of the balls. She took it from me, and at the same time the mask fell from her face, and I saw before me——a skeleton!

"The first moment of surprise deprived me of all presence of mind; and when I ventured to raise my eyes again to the spectre, it had vanished! On reflection, I am certain that it is some mystification, and I have returned here every day, in the hope of discovering it; but my researches have as yet been unavailing" *(o)*.

Such was the termination of this affair, which had been carried on with all the excitement mystery and reserve are certain to create. Howard busied himself for some time in furtherance of his friend's wishes; but the plan had been too

deeply laid; and the count was doomed to a passion as little likely to meet return as the phrensied love of Pygmalion.

The congress is dissolved—the different sovereigns are returned to their dominions. Armies are in march to crush Napoleon's efforts. The foreigners are all dispersed; the Austrians are retired to their country-houses, there to await the issue of new struggles. Howard and Therese withdrew to Moltke, which was a residence chosen by many families, on account of the freshness of the air, during the summer season, and there passed several months in the peaceful enjoyment of their home.

CHAPTER X.

" Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! Yet well if here would end
The misery. I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse.———
In me all
Posterity stands curs'd! Fair patrimony!
That I must leave ye, sons. O, were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how you would bless
Me—now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind,
For one man's faults, thus guiltless, be condemned
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt? MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

THE hours flew rapidly for Howard and his wife. The harmony of their tempers and tastes

rendered their existence mutually so happy, that Therese would sometimes even feel a superstitious terror at the extreme bliss they enjoyed.

"We are told," she would say, "that this world is one of trial and probation;—trials are, then, very light to bear, and probation easily endured; or else a terrible change must take place in our existence. I have never known sorrow; my childhood was passed in uniform tranquillity; and since I have been acquainted with the world, in its active state, since I have known the happiness of loving and being loved, since I have been your wife, the days have passed too rapidly,—they hardly give me time to enjoy them. What can be the sensation of grief?—is it then so painful to bear? Sometimes a fear comes over me, that I shall be acquainted with sufferings of which I read, but cannot comprehend. It

would be a pity such happiness as ours should cease."

"It never should," replied Howard, "if I could control the will of fate; and thus far I can promise, it shall never cease by any change in my feelings, or actions. This year has been the happiest of my life; it is to my lovely Therese that I owe this blissful existence: be fearless, then, we shall continue to enjoy for many years, I trust, our present happiness."

"Or yet greater," said Therese, smiling; "we will augment it. A little stranger will soon be admitted to share it:" and she turned her mild, dark eyes on Howard, who sat contemplating her with admiration and rapture.

The arrival of the little stranger she alluded to was expected in a few weeks; and they resolved to return to Vienna for the period of her confinement, in order to make every pre-

paration for that important event in the lives of newly-married and fondly-attached couples.

Vienna wore a very different aspect from that of the preceding year, at the same period. The convulsion of Europe had subsided;—Napoleon had been crushed in the midst of his ambitious dreams by the portentous battle of Waterloo, and was an exile at St. Helena. The Bourbons were restored to the throne of their ancestors; and all nations were at peace, and reposing after the heavy struggles they had made, for the maintenance of order and tranquillity.

The families who mourned a husband, a father, a son, or a brother, were not, however, yet so reconciled to their losses, as to rejoin society, or mix in public life. Many had contributed to the general welfare by personal and heart-breaking sacrifices; and Vienna, if it might be so termed, still mourned.

The town was still: silence in the streets had

succeeded the noisy, hurried movement of the preceding year; and Howard was struck with the change, as he entered it. He had preceded Therese for a few days, to engage apartments, and make all the necessary preparations for her arrival.

The day, however, on which he had expected her, he received a letter, sent by express, to inform him that she felt unwell, and feared removal. She besought Howard to return to her immediately, with the midwife and nurse. Consequently he lost not a moment, but hurried off in the greatest anxiety, taking along with him the persons indicated. Never did he suffer more from the phlegmatic slowness of the drivers; he urged, entreated, offered bribes, waxed into a passion, threatened,—all was in vain,—he could extract no other answer than "ja, ja."

When within half a day's journey of Moltke,

he could no longer bear it, but purchasing a horse at about three times its value, set off, leaving the carriage to follow as best it could, and promising an immense recompense, if the postillions would bring it on, with the women, at a faster rate than their habitual trot.

He hardly dared enter the house, when he arrived; he trembled to learn that he had come too late, but was relieved by meeting his lovely Therese, who came forward to greet him. The day passed without any thing particular occurring; the carriage arrived in the evening, with the nurse and midwife, and Therese seemed tranquillised by Howard's presence.

But the following morning the important hour declared itself. Howard was agitated and uneasy, more so than his little wife. Nature, so kind and careful in all her arrange-

ments, has given to woman, at that awful crisis of her life, a supernatural courage, which enables her to undergo a trial which otherwise she could not bear. It was she who encouraged Howard, who wept like a child at her cries of agony. The hour is past, and the nurse announces to Howard, that to him "a man child is born." Ecstacy succeeded to anxiety, and while the nurse was officiating about Therese, he took his child in his arms, and sobbed with joy, while he held it to his bosom, and covered it with his caresses.

Suddenly an exclamation from the nurse reached his ear,—"Good heavens! I know that mark! I know it too well, ever to forget it. It was I who nurtured your infant years; I took you to the convent of St. Etienne, when my poverty forced me to resign the care of you to others."

Therese listened to her with astonishment, and replied,—"Then you can tell me who was my mother—who my father?"

"Ah! truly can I," abruptly replied the loquacious old woman; "she was an Italian—*her* father was a monk."

A dreadful fear came over Howard; and he inquired, in a faltering voice, the name of Therese's mother.

"Her father sometimes called her Eleanor, and sometimes Agathine," she replied: "Poor lady! a sorrowing death she died, and with her last breath she called on her betrayer, by the name of Howard!—but he had left her many months before, and no one was near, to close her eyes, but her father; and he, poor man! became deranged; but I heard that he was afterwards received into some convent. However, he left the poor little orphan to the mercy of God, and I never saw him more.—

Oh that I should now again have been called to assist you, to bring into the world a son! Blessings on his head!—blessings on your head, dear lady, my dear child! for I considered you as such. Ah! it was a cruel grief to me, when I was forced to abandon you; but I placed you in a holy house, to shelter you from danger. Little did I think to find you one day married!" And the old woman laughed and danced with joy; nor did she perceive the effects of her communication for some minutes *(p)*.

The fatal blow is struck!—the wretched Therese no longer raises her head! She turns from the offspring of sin, if sin there be where ignorance of sin exists. "Remove him from me," she faintly ejaculated, to the woman who presented the poor little infant to her.

His feeble cries made her shudder. A violent shivering announced that the fever had

begun its devastating work; and the attendants rushed out for medical succour. Howard approached the bed, his voice trembling, choking with the agonies of his soul; but no words of comfort could he utter.

Could he have died at the moment!—but no, life must be his punishment.

The shivering increased; a burning fever was on her; the glare of her eyes was fearful; and yet, never did she look more beautiful. The flush of fever imparted a brilliant hue to her fair complexion; but Howard heard the attendants whispering their fears. Good God! to lose her! It was impossible, it could not be, it must not be. He took her burning hand in his, while tears—scalding tears—fell in profusion on it.

She did not look up; but her voice—her words—sent daggers through his heart. "Oh, leave me, Harry.——Good God! my father!

Spare me—spare me, gracious Heaven! Oh, why did you abandon my mother? I am your daughter!——I am your wife—your sinful wife!" Her agitation suffocated her; she could say no more, but fell into a swoon, and only revived to consciousness, to relapse into long and dreadful convulsions.

The physicians arrived, but their presence was unavailing; they confirmed the worst fears of her attendants, adding that she could live but a few hours more, and recommended the removal of Howard, whose presence only increased her sufferings.

Force was necessary to effect this: his mind began to wander; he laughed and cried hysterically, and resisted all reasoning or entreaty. He stared fearfully on all the persons assembled; and when the physicians endeavoured to draw his attention to the sufferings of his wife, he looked as if he did not comprehend

them. Alas! he was no longer under the control of reason!

When the poor sufferer was at length restored to comparative ease, through the care of her medical attendants, she faintly asked for a confessor.

It was All Saints'-day, one strictly observed by Catholics, and processions were parading the streets of Moltke: monks and friars, of every order, might be seen walking two by two, and pausing at the different altars erected for the occasion.

The venerable abbot of Moltke, heading his numerous fraternity, with all the pomp used on such solemn occasions, was proceeding to one of these altars, erected before the house of the commandant of the place, and passed before Howard's house, as the woman rushed out of the door to seek a priest; and she

seized hold of the arm of one of the monks, as he followed in the procession.

"Quit your brothers, holy father," she said, crossing herself as she spoke, while tears ran down her face; "quit them, and come quickly, and confess a dying woman."

The appeal justified his attention to it; and he followed in silence. He was aged, and his step tottering, and slow; and he mounted the flight of stairs conducting to the apartments of Therese with difficulty.

He slowly entered the chamber of death, and crossed himself as he passed the threshold. The shutters of the room were nearly closed; and the faintness of the light made the persons in attendance on the unhappy victim look like so many spectres hovering over her.

Silence pervaded the apartment, unbroken save by the heavy sighs of the poor sufferer; and the monk approached the bed, with the

awe experienced when a soul is departing from this world, and seeking a happier resting place.

"When we stand on the dark grave's fearful brink,
When we touch the verge of the world below,
When our lips shall be wet with the chill, cold drink,
The latest drop in our cup of woe;
When the ardent heart, its trembling o'er,
Shall waver, and hope, and fear no more;
When love's warm smile, hate's fiery eye,
Must quenched in the dust of the church-yard lie;
If thou knowest a breast like the virgin snow,
Pure and unthawed as Dumail's brow,
Oh! ask when it touches this awful goal,
What are the thoughts of the passing soul?"

WALLACE.

When close by the bedside, the monk, in a trembling and low voice, uttered a prayer, and Therese raised her languid eyes to him.

"Father," she said, while hysteric sighs interrupted her words, "father, confess a dying sinner!"

"Sinner, my daughter!" replied the monk, "so young, so fair, canst thou be acquainted with sin?"

"Oh! father, not willingly; and tell me, is there hope left for me of redemption, since I sinned ignorantly?" Then, with hurried trepidation, she recounted her melancholy story; and when she had uttered the last dreadful words, that she was the daughter and the wife of Howard, she shrieked, and sank exhausted.

The monk had remained standing while she spoke; but towards the conclusion of her sad history, had sunk with his head on the bed. The silence that followed Therese's confession, astonished and alarmed the attendants; and they approached, and endeavoured to raise the monk, when they saw that he had swooned. They bathed his temples, and chafed his hands; and life returned slowly.

He turned his eyes on the dying Therese, and said, while he clasped his hands in agony:—

"Let not thy pure spirit depart this life in anger with him, the cause of all thy misery! Oh! do not curse me, for thy malediction would heap coals of fire on my head. In mercy, forgive a wretch, whose long life has been one of sorrow, of suffering! My blasting influence has struck down all that approached me. I am the cause of thy sin, poor child! thou art spotless, thou art innocent. I murdered Howard's mother! For that dreadful act, have sorrow and death been visited on my descendants to the third and fourth generation! Great God! thou canst not pardon me; eternal suffering awaits me! Oh! add not, my child, thy curse to all the accumulated curses heaped on me. Let your gentle pardon soothe my dying moments. The hand of death is on

me; oh! speak, say you forgive me! Look on the father of thy mother, look on the wretched Marston, accursed on earth, as he will be when departed from this world of sorrow! My child, my child, have mercy, have mercy! Plead for me——forgive me!"

Therese turned her glassy eyes on Marston: the spirit, which was to usher her into the etherial world, hovered quiveringly around her, but claimed her not, till she had uttered the pardon, the Christian could not refuse, the gentle sufferer could not deny.

"I forgive thee, father; I die in the hope of obtaining my pardon, and I pray for thine, before my Almighty God and Redeemer."

Her eyes closed; and all that gave life and beauty to Therese was fled!

Marston fell on his knees beside the bed of death; he struggled to seize the cross suspen-

ded at his breast, but ere he could raise it to his lips, life had fled ; and his faults, his crimes, his sorrows, and sufferings, all were at an end in this world !

THE END.

NOTES.

(*a.*) "On Linden, when the sun was low,
All trackless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly:
But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade;
And loud and fierce each charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.
Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

"But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
'Tis morn, and scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout through their sulph'rous canopy.

"The combat deepens,—on ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave;
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry:
Few, few shall part, where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

(*b.*) "Your name and titles? Whence come you? Whither are you going? Perhaps a general? or perhaps a merchant? What, then, am I to declare you?"

"A naval officer."

(*c.*) Most of my readers will recollect the epigram written by Shenstone on a pane of glass in the window of an inn, beginning—"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round——."

(*d.*) Although all the particulars of the tragical death of the

Emperor Paul are generally known, perhaps the following anecdote has not been recounted, notwithstanding that it is asserted by many to be perfectly true:—Count —— was one of the assassins of the Emperor Paul. He entered the intended victim's bed-room, with the other conspirators, when the Emperor was in bed; but was not the first to strike him. Others were more prompt; and the Emperor, who had received a cut across the throat, fell on the floor, while struggling with his murderers, and was long in the agonies of death. Count ——, perceiving that the wound had not been made sufficiently deep, advanced and struck the heel of his boot, which had a spur on it, into the wound, and thus held him down till he expired. The conspirators then proceeded to the apartments of Alexander, and threatened him with the same fate, if he did not subscribe to the conditions they proposed to him.

(*e.*) His account of the congress, and the manner that the heads of the different nations are employed, is a striking example of this. He says, "Que la Russie danse pour tout, la Prusse pense pour tout, le Bavière boit pour tout, le Wurtemberg mange pour tout, l'Angleterre prend pour tout, la France céde pour tout, et l'Autriche paye pour tout."

(*f.*) The Count Rosamouski, a Russian nobleman, has a runner of remarkable speed.

(*g.*) The following are some of the persons who shone in

that tournament. Time has effaced my recollection of others, although equally meriting praise and recollection.

Comtesse Flore de Wurbnew.	Comtesse Ausburgh.
Comtesse Sechezni.	Princesse Bagration.
Princesse Marie Lichtenstein.	Duchesse de Sagan.
Princesse Paul Esterhazy.	Comtesse de Perigord.
Comtesse de Windisgratz.	Princesse Lowenstein.
Comtesse Sophie Zichi.	Comtesse Sauraw.
Comtesse Julie Zichi.	Comtesse Diedrichstein.

Princesse Marie Bathiani.

(*h.*) A law is still in force in France, that when a couple have been united in the bonds of marriage fifty years, the marriage must be renewed, or it becomes naturally dissolved. It occurs not unfrequently, that old people go to the municipality and claim the privilege of being re-married, having passed the fifty years provided for by the marriage statutes.

(*i.*) When Prince Eugene Beauharnois married the Princess of Bavaria, (the marriage was one arranged by Napoleon,) the Princess was forced to consent; but when before the altar, and the priest asked her the usual question, whether she accepted the Prince for her husband, she made no answer, but turned her head towards the King of Bavaria, who was behind her, for *his* answer. Nevertheless, they became an attached couple, and continued so, until the unfortu-

nate death of that amiable and much esteemed man. He had several children by the Princess. One of his daughters is married to the Crown Prince of Sweden, another to the Emperor of Brazil.

(*k.*) It was on this occasion that the Prince de Talleyrand wittily supposed the style of the newspapers, tracing the rapid march, and progressive triumphs of Napoleon, by their change of style; thus;—

"Le lion est sorti de sa tanière."

"Le General Bonaparte est debarqué à Frejus."

"Napoleon est arrivé à Lyons."

"L'Empereur couchera à Fontainebleau, et le 20 Sa Majesté Impériale et Royale fera son entrée au chateau des Tuileries."

(*l.*) "L'astre des nuits, de son paisible eclat,
Lançoit ses feux sur les tentes de France;
Non loin de la, un jeune et beau soldat,
Ainsi chantoit, appuyé sur la lance;—
Allez voler, Zephirs joyeux,
Portez mes chants vers ma patrie;
Dites que je veille en ces lieux,
Pour la gloire, et pour mon amie.

"A la lueur des feux des ennemis,
La sentinelle est placée en silence;

Mais le guerrier, pour abréger les nuits,
Chante, appuyé sur le fer de sa lance;—
Allez voler, Zephirs joyeux,
Portez mes chants dans ma patrie;
Dites que je veille en ces lieux,
Pour la gloire, et pour mon amie.

"L'astre du jour raméne les combats;
Demain il faut signaler sa vaillance
Dans la victoire, on trouve le trépas,
Mais si je meurs à côtè de ma lance,
Allez encore, joyeuses Zephirs,
Allez voler dans ma patrie:
Dites que mon dernier soupir,
Fut pour la gloire, et mon amie."

(*m.*) The following are the names;—"Fais ce que dois." "Le Patre." "Griselidis." "Les Adieux d'Emma." "Partant pour la Syrie."

(*n.*) The following is a list of the "Dramatis Personæ;"—

ROMANCES.

Armandine. (Demoiselle du chateau).
Comtesse Julie Zichi.

Elfride.
Com. de Périgord, (née Princesse de Courland).

Raoul, (Sénéchal de la cour).

Viscomte de Wargemont.

Blondel, (Troubadour).

P. Antoine Radziwill.

LA PELERINE.

La Pelerine.

Com. Mnischeck, (née Princesse Lubomirska).

Le Chevalier.

Baron Petersen.

Un Ermite.

Comte Nicolaus Esterhazy.

LA SENTINELLE.

La Sentinelle.

Comte Felix Woyna.

LES ADIEUX DU CID.

Chimene.

Com. Sophie Zichi.

Rodrigue.

Duc Leopold de Cobourg.

Les Ecuyers.

P. Charles de Lichtenstein; Comte Louis de Schönfeld; Comte Louis de Secsenyi; Comte Vincent Esterhazy.

RENE, OU FAIS CE QUE DOIS.

René.

Baron de Petersen.

Sa Mère.

Com. Sophie Woyna.

Sa Confidante, (portant l'écharpe).

Com. de Kesselstadt.

Ida, (femme de René).

Com. Aponyi, (née Com. de Nogarola).

Alix, (sœur d'Ida).

Com. Elisabeth de Schlick.

GRISELIDIS.

Thécla,

Com. Sophie Zichi.

Ida.

Com. Aponyi, (née Com. de Nogarola).

BELISAIRE.

Belisaire.

Comte Ernest Hoyoz.

L'Enfant.

Com. Sophie Woyna.

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LES ADIEUX D'EMMA.

Emma.

P. Jablonowska, (née Com. de Woyna).

Une Compagne.

Com. Louise de Thürheim.

Le Chevalier.

Comte Felix Woyna.

Un Ecuyer.

Comte Louis Secsenyi.

CHŒURS, ET PERSONNAGES MUETS.

DEMOISELLES.

Com. Aurore de Marassé ; Com. Marianne d' Ugarte ; P. Marie de Metternich ; Com. Esterhazy, (née Com. de Weissenwolf).

JEUNES-GENS.

Comte Vincent de Gatterbourg; Comte Charles Lanscoronski ; Comte Casimir Lanscoronski.

PASTOURELLES.

Com. Bathiani, (née Com. Secsenyi) : Com. Marie de Schönborn ; Com. Sophie de Schönborn ; P. Sophie de Liechtenstein ; P. Marie de Liechtenstein ; P. Pauline de Schwartzenberg ; P. Eleonore de Schwartzenberg.

Ministers of the different Nations, assembled at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, *and commencement of* 1815.

FOR ENGLAND.

The Duke of Wellington—Lord Castlereagh—Lord Clancarty—Lord Stuart.

FOR FRANCE.

Prince de Talleyrand—Count Alexis de Noailles—Count de Latour Dupin.

FOR RUSSIA.

Count Rosamouski—Count Nesselrode—Count Wenzingerode Count Pozzo di Borgho.

FOR AUSTRIA.

Prince Metternich.

FOR PRUSSIA.

Comte Humboldt—Comte Hardenberg.

FOR SPAIN.

Duc de Labrador.

FOR PORTUGAL.

Comte Lobau.

FOR DENMARK.

Count Bernsdorf.

FOR ROME.

The Nuncio, Cardinal Gonzalvi.

FOR NAPLES.

Prince Cariati—Duc de Campochiaro.

FOR SAXONY.

Count Schulerburg.

FOR PIEDMONT.

Marquis de St. Marsan—Count Rossi.

FOR BAVARIA.

Count Rechberg.

FOR HANOVER.

Count Münster.

List of Sovereigns and Princes assembled at the Congress of Vienna, in December, 1814.

Emperor of Austria.

Empress of Austria.

Arch Duchess Leopoldine and Archduchess Catherine,

Daughters of the Emperor.

Hereditary Prince, Son of the Emperor.

Arch Dukes Albert, Francis, Ferdinand, Charles, Regnier,

Maximilian, and John, Palatine of Hungary,

Brothers of the Emperor.

Emperor of Russia (Alexander).

Empress of Russia (Elizabeth).

Grand Duke Constantine, Brother of the Emperor.

Grand Duchess Catherine, Grand Duchess Maria, Duchess of Oldenburg, and Duchess of Weimar,

Sisters of the Emperor.

King of Denmark.

King of Prussia.

Prince William of Prussia and Prince Augustus of Prussia,

Cousins of the King.

King of Wirtemberg.

Hereditary Prince of Wirtemberg, Son of the King.

King of Bavaria.

Queen of Bavaria.

Hereditary Prince and Prince Charles of Bavaria,

Sons of the King.

Prince Eugene Beauharnois, Son-in-law of the King, and Son of the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon.

Prince Leopold, of Sicily.

Grand Duke of Baden.

Duke of Saxe Weimar, Brother of the Empress of Russia, Queen of Bavaria, and Queen of Denmark.

Duke of Saxe Cobourg.

Prince Ferdinand and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg,

Brothers of the Duke.

Duke of Brunswick.

Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

Princess Tour and Taxis, Sister of the Prince.

Prince of Hesse Cassel.
Prince John, his Brother.
Prince of Hesse Philipstall.
Prince of Nassau.

(*o.*) Such a mystification was actually performed; and although the strictest investigation was instituted by the officers of justice, the parties concerned were never discovered.

(*p.*) The aptness of these beautiful verses induces me to quote them:—

LA PAUVRE FILLE DU HAMEAU.

" J'ai fui ce paisible sommeil
Qu'aucun songe heureux n'accompagne;
J'ai devancé sur la montagne,
Les premiers rayons du soleil.
S'éveillant avec la nature,
Le jeune oiseau chantant sous l'aubepine en fleurs,
Sa mère lui portait sa douce nourriture,
Mes yeux se sont mouillés de pleurs.

" Ah! pourquoi n'ai-je point de mère?
Pourquoi ne suis-je point semblable au jeune oiseau?
Dont le nid se balance aux branches de l'ormeau;
Rien ne m'appartient sur la terre.
Je n'eus pas même de berceau!

Et je suis un enfant trouvé sur une pierre,
Devant l'église du Hameau.

" Loin de mes parens exilée,
De leurs embrassements j'ignore la douceur,
Et les enfants de la vallée,
Ne me nomment jamais leur sœur.
Je ne partage point les jeux de la veillée,
Le joyeux laboureur ne m'invite à m'asseoir,
Et de loin je vois sa famille,
Autour du sarment qui petille,
Chercher sur ses genoux les caresses du soir.

" Vers la chapelle hospitalière,
En pleurant j'adresse mes pas,
Unique demeure ici bas,
Ou je ne suis pas étrangère !
La seule devant moi qui ne se ferme pas !
Souvent je contemple la pierre,
Ou commencèrent mes douleurs,
J'y cherche la trace des pleurs,
Qu'en me laissant peut-être y repandit ma mère !

" Souvent aussi mes pas errans,
Parcourent des tombeaux l'asile solitaire,
Mais pour moi les tombeaux sont tous indifferents.
La pauvre fille, est sans parens !
Au milieu des cercueils, ainsi que sur la terre.

Je pleure quatorze printems,
Loins des bras qui m'ont repoussé.
Reviens ma mère!——je t'attends
Sur la pierre ou tu m'as laissée!——

" La pauvre fille hélas, n'attendit pas longtems.
Plaintive elle mourut, en priant pour sa mère.
On cite qu'une femme étrangère,
Un jour, le front voilé parut dans le hameau.
On conduisit ses pas vers l'humble cimetière,
Mais parmi les gazons et l'epaisse bruyère,
On ne put retrouver la place du tombeau."

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